LOOKING FORWARD

EDITORS certainly ought to get around more. A lady in the country proved that to me the other day. "You were right," she said, apropos of the fact that her five sons who are mechanics, are out of work. "You were right two years ago," she repeated. "I shouldn't have voted for Mr. Hoover. Just to think of everybody out of work now and him sitting in the White House with all the country's money." I expressed some sympathy for Mr. Hoover as the victim of such a villainous charge. "Well," she said indignantly, "there used to be plenty of money. If Mr. Hoover hasn't got it all now, then who has? Answer me that?"

UNFORTUNATELY, offhand I couldn't. I didn't know. Do you? So I took occasion one day to tell the story to a member of the country's leading banking firm. Once the amazed look had faded, he said: "You put the question to me in the form of a story; I'll give you the answer in a story."

"I KNOW a colored man down South," he said. "Some months ago this man came to me and said: 'You know dat coon dawg I had? Well, I's sold him. I's sold him fo' a thousand dollars.' "

"A thousand dollars, Rastus! I exclaimed. You can't mean you got a thousand dollars for that no-account hound."

" 'Yassuh,' said Rastus, 'a thousand dollars,' "

"How much cash did you get? I inquired after a little consideration."

" 'Cash,' said Rastus, 'I ain't git no cash.' "

"Well, what did you get?"

" 'Git,' said Rastus, 'I's git two dem five hundred dollar cats.' "

"And that," said the banker, "is the answer to the lady's question."

WHICH MAY or may not prove to be a satisfactory answer to the lady's suspicions of Mr. Hoover. Speaking seriously, however, the incident shows the difficulty this country is going to experience in securing intelligent political disposition of economic and business questions, the final decision on which must of necessity lie in the hands of voters of all sorts. Under present conditions both the lady and the hound dog's owner have a vote apiece. Far be it from me to draw the moral too closely. But I submit that the electorate they represent is scarcely the ideal electorate to which to submit in the next election an issue like, let us say, a power issue or a tariff issue; to say nothing of any of the great economic visions about which we shall hear much in the next eighteen months.

THE VOICE of the people may be the voice of God. But a literacy test or its equivalent might help.

FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY.

OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOLUME 157
NUMBER 14

April 8, 1931

Looking Forward 481
Frontispiece: A Cartoon by Cesare 482

TREND OF THE WEEK 483

Editorial
The Bitter and the Sweet 490

Backstage in Washington ..... *A. F. C.* 491

ARTICLES
The Week in Business ..... *Frank A. Fall* 492
Columbus, We Are Here! ..... *Walter Duranty* 493
California, the Unbeloved ..... *Duncan Aikman* 494
King Babbitt's Court Jester ..... *Henry F. Pringle* 496
New York—A City In Agony ..... *Jonathan Mitchell* 499
The Spotlight on Sports ..... *George Trevor* 501

••

The New Books 502
Talents and Trends ..... *Frances Lamont Robbins* 502
The Week's Reading ..... *R. D. Townsend*, *Virgilia Peterson Ross* and *Frances Lamont Robbins* 502
Behind the Blurbs ..... *Walter R. Brooks* 504
Political Panaceas ..... *John Carter* 505
The Latest Plays ..... *Otis Chatfield-Taylor* 506
Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ..... *W. R. Brooks* 507
The New Movies ..... *Creighton Peet* 508
Music ..... *O. C.-T.* 508
Prose and Worse ..... *Walter R. Brooks* 509

••

Next Week in the Outlook

Royal Intrigue in Roumania. By Konrad Bercovici.
The first of a series telling of the scramble for the throne of Ferdinand, with Queen Marie and Prince Carol, now King, as the principals. A series giving the facts behind the newspaper headlines and recurrent scandals.

The Passing of the Country Bank.
By Charles Morrow Wilson.
An interview with a rural banker telling why eight out of ten failures are in communities of fewer than 2,500 persons.

Political Winds Against Hoover. By William Pickett Helm.
An article explaining some of the reasons for dissatisfaction inside the Republican Party.

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, April 8, 1931. Volume 157. Number 14. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, York, N. Y. Ed.-Pub. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Marshall Kernochan, Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Rodman Gilder; Sec'y William T. Adee. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1931, by the Outlook Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jimmie Walker: "THIS IS AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUTLOOK
and Independent
April 8, 1931

Trend of the Week

Reason for Reno

WE TRUST there are no New Yorkers among those who deprecate the divorce racket in Nevada, where one may now have a marriage dissolved on a wide variety of grounds, after a six weeks' residence, without publicly disclosing the details of the action and with a bit of legalized gambling on the side. Considering the mediaeval divorce laws of their own state, they cannot afford to be contemptuous of Nevada. To a large extent the situation in Nevada is, in fact, but a measure of the difference between divorce laws and customs in New York.

A goodly proportion of those who "take the cure" in Reno, as Reno lightheartedly phrases it, are New Yorkers, driven there by the narrowness of their own state's divorce laws, which the Legislature at Albany refuses to broaden. For years, every bill to liberalize these laws has been killed in committee. This year, when such a bill reached the floor of the Assembly, it was defeated by a vote of more than three to one. It was a home-wrecking and family-wrecking bill, opined one eminent Assemblyman. Not far away from the doctrine and policy of Soviet Russia, said another, who also found it "one step nearer companionate and free-love marriages." A third was moved to ask: "Do we stand with Christianity or with this modern group whose God is the devil?"

And what was the measure which moved the Assembly to such violent opposition? Simply and solely a bill to make a cause for divorce out of desertion for five years. Virtually all other states, even the most backward, consider desertion for five years a suitable cause for divorce. New York does not, unless the absent person is presumed to be dead. Moreover, its legislators nearly have hysterics when any one suggests that the divorce laws of New York be made as liberal as those of Maine and Mississippi, say, or those of Arkansas and Vermont. Hence, New Yorkers who can afford it obtain their divorces outside the state and Albany is the father of Reno.

Tammany Tactics

NOW THAT THE Republican-controlled New York Legislature has ordered an investigation into New York City's government, Tammany is trying to clean house before the inspectors arrive. The prospect of finding some Republican elements in the debris has given it not a little zest for the housecleaning.

While the Republicans in the Legislature were deciding to order the investigation, a private inspection of the city government was being conducted by Commissioner of Accounts Higgins, a Tammany affiliate under the control of Mayor Walker. During the week following the March 24 vote for the legislative investigation there were rumors that Tammany was about to sweep away several minor city officials. On March 27 came the arrest and arraignment of Rollin C. Bastress on charges of accepting a $1,500 bribe as chief building inspector, a post which he had resigned the week before. Arrested on orders from the office of Tammany's District Attorney, on evidence of Tammany's own investigator, Mr. Bastress naturally turned out to be a Republican.

This incident, which has its amusing side, may indicate the tactics which Tammany will follow in preparing for the Republican investigation. It may attempt not only to cover up the extensive and repellent misdeeds which point toward the Hall but to uncover the comparatively few miscreants who hold office in the city government and vote the Republican ticket. Should it catch several Republicans with their fingers in the pie, it may take a little of the edge off the revelations made by the legislative inquiry. Or so Tammany apparently hopes.

Through American Eyes

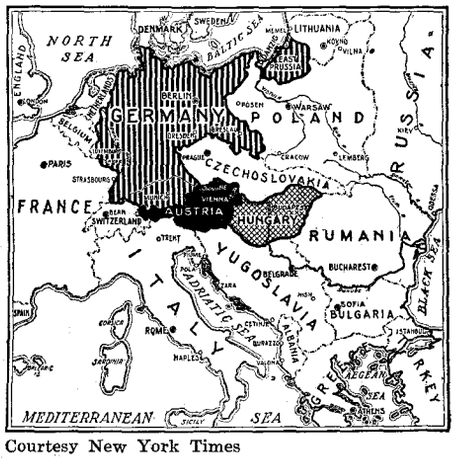
IN ALL PROBABILITY the customs union planned by Germany and Austria will have little or no effect upon American trade. The plan, not yet worked out in detail, is to tear down virtually all tariff walls between the two countries and bind them into an economic unit by means of a treaty. How seriously, at worst, our exports could be affected by the Austro-German union can be estimated by reference to the amount of our exports to Austria which are subject to competition from Germany and to the amount of our exports to Germany which are subject to competition from Austria. In 1929 our exports to Austria were valued at 29 million dollars and only a tenth of the total—or 1-1800th of all American exports—were subject to competition from Germany. Similarly, but a small fraction of our exports to Germany—valued at 410 million dollars in 1929—were in competition with exports from Austria.

It may be, indeed, that the trade losses we sustain through the union will be offset by trade gains if the union helps to create a richer Austro-German market. Again, it may be that such losses will be forestalled by negotiations based on the most-favored-nation treaty between Germany and the United States. This treaty, which does not expire until 1935, provides that neither country shall place higher tariffs on goods from the other than it places on the goods of any other country. It is questionable whether this provision would apply to the tariffs of the customs union. Yet, even if it would, the disputed trade will hardly be considerable enough to prevent an amicable agreement between Berlin and Washington.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶*Through European*

UNLIKE THE United States, most European powers are primarily concerned with the political import of the Austro-



Courtesy New York Times

THE ANSCHLUSS AREA

Map showing relation of Germany and Austria to the rest of Central Europe

German union. Germany's former enemies frankly doubt and deny the protestations from Berlin and Vienna that the union will be purely economic, viewing it as a first step toward a political as well as economic union and as a clever scheme whereby Germany can advance toward her goal of dominating Central Europe. Give Germany an inch, they declare, and she will take a mile. Hence, in an effort to delay and if possible to prevent the customs union, they have seized upon provisions of treaties written after the World War prohibiting the political fusion of Germany and Austria except on consent of the League of Nations Council. Germany, say the French and British notes of protest to Berlin, must stand still until the Council can determine whether the treaty would be violated by the customs union. To which Chancellor Bruening of Germany has replied that, since the customs union plainly does not violate the peace treaties, there is no occasion for the Council to bother its head about it.

The conflict between Germany and her former enemies is therefore grave and direct. It is impossible to say where the controversy will end, though it seems certain that it will not end in war. While France may regret having withdrawn her troops from Germany last year, and while she may fume and fuss over the customs union, she would probably be unwilling to go to war to prevent it. Some observers believe that the Austro-German union endangers the Young reparations plan; others hold that it may lead to German withdrawal from the League of Nations; still others —and they, at least, sound plausible enough—declare that, whatever else the customs union may do, it has already knocked all plans for further disarmament squarely on the head.

▶▶*Roosevelt Out in Front*

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT'S prospects of winning the Democratic nomination for President are not merely good; they're excellent. The fact, already clear, became clearer when Jesse Isidor Straus, president of R. H. Macy & Co. of New York, published the results of the poll he has been taking among Democratic leaders. Seeking to ascertain the sentiment of his party, Mr. Straus hit upon the plan of querying the delegates and alternates to the Democratic national convention of 1928, about three quarters of whom will be delegates or alternates to the Democratic convention of 1932. Of the 2,000 queried, no fewer than 942 replied and 844 expressed their preference. Roosevelt won in a walk.

No fewer than 478 believe that their party should nominate him for President next year. Roosevelt took the lead in all but five states—Connecticut and Delaware, where he was tied with Smith; Massachusetts, where Smith took the lead; Maryland, where Governor Ritchie took the lead, and Arkansas, where the lead went to Senator Robinson. Nor does even this tell the whole story. Mr. Roosevelt's lead seems even more striking when one remembers that New York was not canvassed, though it is expected to send a solid delegation for him to the 1932 convention, and that Roosevelt was the second choice of the great majority of those who had some other first choice.

A second outstanding feature of the poll is the index it affords to Democratic wet sentiment. Nearly seven hundred—692—of the respondents expressed their preference for such out-and-out wets as Roosevelt, Smith, Ritchie, Newton D. Baker and former-Senator Reed of Missouri. Superintendent McBride of the Anti-Saloon League is talking about a condition that was, not about a condition that is now and will be in 1932, when he says that prohibition is a political question but not a partisan one. It will almost certainly be a partisan one in the next presidential campaign and in all human probability the next Democratic candidate will be wet.

The other aspects of the poll are worthy of particular mention. One is the strength of Governor Smith, who was the first choice of 125 respondents while many others indicated that he would be their man were it not for their fear of reviving the religious issue. The other is the weakness of the able and appealing Ritchie. Excluding those who received fewer than fifteen votes, the list runs this way: Roosevelt 478, Smith 125, Owen D. Young 73, Ritchie 39, Robinson 38, Baker 35 and Reed 15. Granting that there are other able men on this list, what's wrong with Ritchie? Why do so few leaders favor his nomination when he is so obviously one of the best of the lot?

▶▶*Caribbean Vacation*

AS THE White House announced on March 14, Mr. Hoover went south "to secure a short rest and to settle certain administrative problems regarding American possessions in the Caribbean." In neither respect, apparently, was the trip a success. True, the problems were probably minor and it may be that, during his overnight stay in Porto Rico and his five-hour stop at the Virgin Islands, Mr. Hoover settled them while no one was looking. If so, the fact is not recorded. What is recorded, and what must have ruined the trip as a rest period, is Mr. Hoover's extensive speech-making, hand-shaking, reception-holding, parade-reviewing and luncheon-attending.

Did some of the President's advisers fear that it would not become the efficiency expert to sit back and rest without pretending to do anything else? And did they therefore suggest this trip to two dry countries which most Caribbean

New York Herald Tribune

Over the hills to the poorhouse

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tourists avoid, with all its official ceremonies and hints of "certain administrative problems"? If so, their little scheme has failed, for it is quite plain that Mr. Hoover's primary purpose was relaxation—as why shouldn't it be?—and that neither in nor about the islands did he have anything important to say.

His statements in Porto Rico were so many amiable nothings, carefully avoiding that country's basic problem, overpopulation, and the proper way to solve it, which is to send for Margaret Sanger. As for his statement that when we bought the Virgin Islands from Denmark for $25,000,000 "we acquired an effective poorhouse comprising ninety per cent of the population," it proved to be a boomerang. As a former Governor of the Virgin Islands, Helweg Larsen of Denmark, promptly pointed out, if the islands are a poorhouse the fault lies with the American prohibition policy with which Mr. Hoover is so closely identified. The finest rum in the world was once produced in the Virgin Islands, Mr. Larsen said. Had it not been for Volsteadism, outlawing the manufacture of this product, the islands would not occupy so desperate a position—a fact which the bone-dry Mr. Hoover somehow managed to overlook.

▶▶*For Native Sweepstakes*

WHY AMERICAN LAWS should frown on honestly conducted sweepstakes we have never been able to see. It is not because the average American is down on all forms of gambling, for he gambles recklessly on the stock market. It seems to us—and let professional reformers groan if they feel like it—that a big sweepstakes like the Irish Hospitals', based on an American race similar to the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree, England, would add to the drama and charm of life in the United States and would do practically no harm whatever. Indeed, it could be made a pleasurable form of voluntary taxation. The steeplechase at Aintree brought about $2,000,000 to the hospital fund of the Irish Free State.

It also brought undreamed-of riches to three humble ticket-holders, a Buffalo factory worker, a South African hotel keeper and an Italian owner of a small London café. The Italian's ticket called for $1,900,000. Having sold half interest to bookmakers before the race, he and several relatives who had purchased tiny shares in his ticket will receive about $950,000, a sum which probably strikes them as comparable to the German national debt. The South African will receive the entire third prize, $590,903. The Buffalo factory worker, Clayton C. Woods, will share $886,360 with Mrs. Woods, his brother, Kenneth Woods, and two brothers-in-law, Clarence Batt and Elmer Batt.

Life will never again be dull to friends or relatives of the Buffalo Batts and Woods—not when it holds such verified possibilities as overnight ascensions to fortune. "Look," one can imagine them saying, "look what happened to Clayton

International

SATISFIED
Clayton C. Woods, holder of $880,000 sweepstakes ticket

and Kenneth and look what happened to Clarence and Elmer." It will excite and delight them to think what happened. It will similarly affect every one in Clayton's and Kenneth's and Clarence's and Elmer's neighborhoods, which henceforth should make fine markets for foreign sweepstakes tickets.

Which leads to another phase of the matter. America might as well have sweepstakes tickets of its own; if it doesn't it will have some other country's. Since it will prove impossible to discourage the sale of such tickets in the United States by means of the law, we suggest that, to the great interest and amusement of every one, it be discouraged by means of American competition.

▶▶*Mother Love and Manganese*

IT MAY be mother love to the mammy singers, but it's only manganese among the rats. So Dr. Elmer V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins University, internationally known authority on nutrition, reported at the annual clinic of the American College of Physicians recently. In the course of a series of experiments with rats, to establish the functions of the various metallic elements present in food, Dr. McCollum has ascertained that there is a definite relation between manganese and mother love. Female rats fed for 100 days on a manganese-free diet showed no maternal solicitude for their young and let them die. Normally fed mothers would have nothing to do with offspring of manganese-free parents and the latter showed no interest in the offspring of manganese-free mothers. After a certain time the manganese-free parents produced no more offspring at all.

Here is a discovery promising controversy. Those who hold with the philosophy of a mechanistic universe will seize upon it to sharpen their contentions. They will argue that if mother love, supposedly a thing of the spirit, certainly one of the most highly valued of the social instincts, is merely a matter of eating manganese, all human impulses and emotions will probably boil down sooner or later to matters of diet. Believers in an all-wise creator, on the other hand, will argue that, if manganese is necessary for reproduction and mother love, its presence in plant and animal life is proof positive of divine wisdom.

In any case it is safe to suppose that most people will continue to eat as usual, only mildly concerned to know that absence of manganese plays hob with the family life of rats. It occurs to us that a scientist should have gotten hold of the cauldron of soup in the kitchen of the Duchess in Wonderland—the one who beat up her baby so vigorously for sneezing. Probably there wasn't a grain of manganese in it.

▶▶*The Farm-Relievers*

A CROP of public statements was the most pronounced result of the Farm Board's recently announced decision not to buy wheat from the 1931 crop. The ink was scarcely dry on the Board's pronouncement before Senators began scrambling for the first pages with musty plans to save the farmer from ruin. Thus Senator Borah urged that the old export debenture plan be substituted for the price stabilization plan discarded by the Farm Board. Thus Senator Nye held that the stabilization operations should be continued despite the Board's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

failure to raise and peg the price of wheat through the purchase of more than 100 million bushels. Thus Senator McNary, chairman of the Senate Committee on Agriculture, spoke for the equalization fee, while Senator Norbeck proposed to introduce the dead McNary-Haugen bill with the equalization fee applicable only to wheat.

There will be more of these statements when Congress meets in December and still more during the primaries, conventions and elections of 1932. Republicans and Democrats will outdo each other in wooing the farm vote—in Congress with gifts to the farmer, in the campaigns with promises. Nor will they hesitate because none of them has any farm-relief plan which is economically sound. True, the farmer is in a bad way, and, true, his plight is a burden to industry. Yet this is not to say that he can be lifted from his plight by such dubious bootstraps as equalization fees, export debentures or government price fixing.

Honest friends of the farmer will recall the first annual report of the Farm Board, issued last December. Virtually conceding that its stabilization operations had failed, the Board expressed its reasoned judgment that failure would follow adoption of "any of the proposed measures [such as the export debenture plan] designed to dispose of the surplus abroad at prices below domestic levels." As the one hope for the farmer the Board recommended "curtailment of production with a view to reducing and possibly eventually eliminating our export supplies, so that the tariff might become effective on American prices." The Farm Board's decision to stop buying wheat is in line with this statement. So is the fact, if fact it is, that, according to the Department of Agriculture, less wheat is being planted this spring than in any year since 1924. Despite the projects of vote-seeking Senators, the fact seems to be that, if curtailed production will not help the farmer, nothing will.

▶▶*Germany's Emergency*

To DISCOURAGE the rioting and violence which have marked the activities of Communists and Fascists for the past several months, President von Hindenburg of Germany has temporarily suspended the constitutional provisions guaranteeing freedom of the press and of political activity. The measures he decreed on March 28 empower the police to proscribe all parades, assemblies, speeches or newspaper utterances turned against any religion, slanderous to public officials or disturbing to public order and safety.

It is erroneous to assume that von Hindenburg's action has made him a dictator and the government of Germany a dictatorship. A dictatorship commonly implies government beyond the law or under laws forced upon the country by the dictator and there has been no such development in Germany. President von Hindenburg's act is as constitutional in Germany as it would be for President Hoover to summon a special session of Congress in the United States. Article

International

EXPERIMENTS WITH ATOM
Arthur H. Compton, Professor of Physics at the University of Chicago

48 of the German Constitution provides that in an emergency "the President may take the necessary measures to restore public safety and order and, if necessary, to intervene by force of arms." Furthermore, the German people have a real and vital check upon this power. In the first place, the President's measures must be countersigned by the Chancellor (Premier) or by a minister in the cabinet, who thereby assumes responsibility. Secondly, they must be submitted to the Reichstag (Parliament), where they can be revoked. If they are revoked the Reichstag may be dissolved and the measures reissued but they will then be subject to revocation by the Reichstag subsequently elected. Finally, the activities of the government under the emergency measure are subject to review by the courts.

Article 48 is thus a constitutional balance wheel, an integral part of Germany's legal machinery, probably indispensable because of the line-up of the parties and the unfamiliarity of the German people with a democratic form of government. It has been used to push through important laws on many a troublous occasion between 1919 and 1924 and was invoked last summer in the interest of raising the necessary government revenues. In the present case the measures were promulgated immediately after the adjournment of the Reichstag, but, if they are not withdrawn by that time, they can be revoked when the Reichstag convenes in October. It is not certain that the measures will cool the passion of Communists and Fascists. Nor is it certain that these groups will not become more unruly once the measures are lifted. What is certain, however, is that von Hindenburg is not a dictator—unless one would call Lincoln a dictator because he suspended the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus.

▶▶*Promise and Menace*

THE firemen thought the fire had been extinguished and went back to bed, but it broke out worse than ever. Something like that now threatens to happen in the scientific world, where Arthur H. Compton of Chicago, physicist and Nobel prize winner, plans an attempt to release the inconceivable energy of the atom in the face of the fact that most men of science abandoned this dream several years ago.

Most of us will recall reading many times in many places that there was enough energy locked up within the atoms of a teaspoonful of water to drive a steamship across the Atlantic and back, and that it was only a possible matter of a few years before a way to release this energy would be discovered. Then—look out. It would put into man's hands for good or evil a power far beyond the power of coal and steam and explosives. At the very least it would make as sharp a turning point in human destiny as was caused by the invention of the steam engine and the industrial revolution.

Not long thereafter one ceased to hear about this promise and menace of "intra-atomic" or "sub-atomic" energy. The reason was that famous physicists had seen that the idea was dead wrong and said so. Millikan, for example, said that "there is no appreciable energy available to man through atomic disintegration" and gave an abstruse reason why. Nevertheless, the able Compton is get-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ting ready to do this very thing—if he can—using a 20,000,000-volt super-X-ray tube which has not yet been built because the way to build it has not been found. This may take a decade or it may take forever—preferably, the latter, say some people, fearing that atomic energy might prove to be not our salvation but our undoing.

▶▶*And Now Illinois*

THE PRESENT STATUS and the steady gains of the anti-prohibition movement are not as well understood as they should be. Hence one sometimes finds wets admitting, in violation of the facts, that their cause is making little progress. Actually it has made such great progress that its eventual triumph now seems inevitable.

In one of his recent newspaper articles former-Governor Smith, doubtless to the surprise of many of his readers, pointed out that the Congress which meets in December will have 146 Representatives elected in 1930 on platforms or pledges committing them against the Eighteenth Amendment. He also showed that, while there were but five known wets in the delegation which Illinois elected to Congress in 1928, there are twenty-one in the delegation it elected in 1930. Some of these members have become wets since the demonstration of anti-prohibition sentiment given by Illinois last year when it chose the dripping wet Democratic candidate for Senator, James Hamilton Lewis, in preference to the straddling Mrs. McCormick and voted in a referendum for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the state enforcement act.

Another effect of these wet victories in Illinois appeared on March 25, when the state Legislature approved a bill to repeal the state enforcement law. Unless Governor Emmerson vetoes this measure, and he is not expected to at this writing, Illinois will become the seventh state without an enforcement act, for Massachusetts also voted to repeal its Baby Volstead law last November. The other five states are Wisconsin, Nevada, Montana, Maryland and New York, which together contain a quarter of the country's entire population. Despite statements by dry leaders to the contrary, the repeal of state dry laws is an effective way to attack national prohibition, for the federal government cannot possibly enforce prohibition unless the states coöperate.

All told, then, the wet fight is going very well, and no well-informed person doubts that it will go even better after the elections of 1932.

▶▶*In the Red with Hoover*

MR. HOOVER'S melancholy days are come, not with poetical wailing winds and naked woods but with a prosaic and steadily increasing federal deficit. The deficit for the fiscal year of 1930-31—ending this June 30—was to be 180 million dollars, according to the estimate in the President's budget message submitted to Congress last December. The prophecy must have brought gloom to many politicians who had witnessed

Acme

CLOSE-UP
Camera study of the Indian Nationalist leader, Mahatma Gandhi

eleven years of surpluses, particularly to one who had been elected President on the half-hinted understanding that he was to abolish poverty. Mr. Hoover's gloom must have thickened in January when Secretary Mellon predicted that, even if no extra payment were made to war veterans, the deficit would not be less than 375 millions, again in February when Mr. Mellon predicted a deficit of at least 500 millions, and yet again in late March when the income tax receipts indicated a deficit of 700 or 800 or 900 millions—Senator Reed of Pennsylvania says "about" 750.

And what of the next fiscal year? Obviously the President would not welcome a deficit on June 30, 1932, for that would force him to face the Republican convention and the national electorate with a record of two deficits in a row. Yet, barring resort to the dubious scheme of using payments on our war loans to wipe out a deficit for 1931-32, that is precisely the millstone which will be tied to Mr. Hoover's neck unless the Congress which meets in December raises taxes swiftly and drastically. So doing, it would be cutting an even heavier millstone—not only for Mr. Hoover but for every member who voted for higher taxes. Small wonder, then, if Mr. Hoover shudders at and most members of Congress shy from the proposals of higher taxes advanced by Senators Norris and Borah, who don't give a continental for Mr. Hoover and aren't up for reëlection next year. In these sad days when regular Republicans should be running to the President offering consolation, Messrs. Borah and Norris run to him offering a cup of cold poison.

▶▶*Gandhi Going to London*

THE recent conference of the All-India National Congress at Karachi resulted in a decisive victory for Mahatma Gandhi. With this to his credit Gandhi now prepares to face the more formidable British in negotiations for a new constitution and may as well prepare to face defeat at the same time unless his party is prepared to abandon some of its demands for self-rule.

At Gandhi's request, the Nationalists at Karachi approved his temporary truce signed with the British Viceroy on March 4 and authorized him to head a Nationalist delegation to a round-table conference in London, which will continue the discussions on a constitution for India begun at the London round-table conference which closed on January 19. It was this conference which the Nationalists boycotted and it was their boycott which made the constitution outlined by Premier MacDonald of little value save as showing how much self-government the British were prepared to grant. Mr. MacDonald, backed by all three of Britain's parties, was willing to start India on the way to dominion status provided that control of finances, foreign affairs and the army were left in British hands. This represented an advance from the old position of the British but was still far from the position of the Nationalists, who had demanded that India have complete independence and the right to secede from the empire.

The Nationalists now send Gandhi to London with instructions to work for complete independence for India and "in particular to give the nation control over

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the army, external affairs, finances, fiscal policy and economic policy." Needless to say, they have no more chance of obtaining such a program from the British than of obtaining control of the British Parliament. If Gandhi intends to stick to these demands he may as well boycott the forthcoming conference as he did the last. If he intends to yield, the question is simply whether he will yield enough to suit the British, who are not likely to yield any further. It might be difficult for Gandhi, yielding, to sell the British position to his followers, but it would be a thousand times as difficult for him to sell his followers' position to the British.

▶▶*Gandhi the Man*

Of all India's delegates at the round-table conference in London none will be more exotic in dress and deportment than Mahatma Gandhi himself. According to the Associated Press, Gandhi had indicated that on ordinary occasions his only garb will be sandals and a loincloth, in favor of which he discarded trousers well nigh twenty years ago. On cool days he will throw a strip of cheesecloth about his shoulders and on unusually cold days he will wrap himself in a blanket.

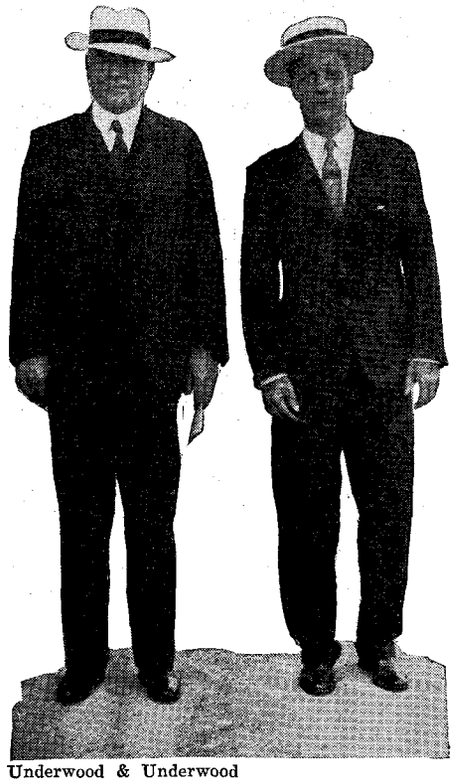
Sleep is another problem over which ordinarily Gandhi loses very little sleep. Having a horror of living in hotels, he looks forward to an invitation to stay in Premier MacDonald's quarters at 10 Downing Street. Not because the beds there are more luxurious than they would be in a hotel but so that he may pitch his burlap mattress in the yard. Whether he will actually brave London's climate is doubtful, though usually he avoids beds like the plague.

The food which Gandhi demands would be hard for a Briton to swallow. His diet consists not of heavy chops and cuts but of cracked corn, goat's milk, dates and a few vegetables cooked in his own pots and pans. An invitation to dine with King George would mean little to Gandhi, who probably would cram a few victuals into a tin pail, eat them with a wooden spoon and start his sacrificial spinning long before the King got to his demi-tasse.

Is all this fanatical foolishness? If you like. But if Gandhi is anything, he is sincere. "I have no bodyguard," he has said. "God alone keeps vigil over me." And again: "The day that my inner voice tells me my country no longer needs me I will starve myself to death. . . . The day that India abandons the sacred principle of non-violence, I shall let my fragile body perish." That is Gandhi. It is precisely this mixture of humility, asceticism and passionate sincerity which has made him a difficult person to be dealt with by hard-headed Britons who trust in God and keep their powder dry. It will make him similarly difficult to deal with at the round-table conference in London.

▶▶*Rumors re Republicans*

Among the current political rumors relating to Republican celebrities, one has to do with Colonel Horace Mann, discriminating connoisseur and collector of Negro delegates to Republican national conventions, who sweated for Mr. Hoover in the South before the convention of 1928. It is reported that Mr. Mann, having quarreled with the President over patronage, has again been hard at work and will have 232 southern delegates at the next Republican convention plugging for "anybody but Hoover." However, Mr. C. Bascom Slemp of Virginia, an authority on southern delegates himself, pooh-poohs this story and questions whether Colonel Mann's pocket-delegates will number more than ten.



Underwood & Underwood

RUNNING-MATES?

Governor Roosevelt photographed with President Hoover during the latter's recent visit to Porto Rico

Another rumor now going the rounds is that, in preparation for the campaign of 1932, the Republican National Committee will be reorganized, and that, with Mr. Hoover as dentist, the Hon. Simeon D. Fess will be extracted from the chairmanship, which will be filled by Patrick J. Hurley, now Secretary of War, or perhaps by Walter F. Brown, now Postmaster-General, or by Ray Benjamin, the California barrister, or even by Will H. Hays, the censor who unsexed the cinema. While it would be a pity to lose Mr. Fess, still, as every one says, if we must, we must.

Last and most startling of the rumors is that Mr. Hoover will renounce Charlie Curtis, at the risk of affronting the American Indian, and will urge his party to nominate Governor Teddy Roosevelt of Porto Rico for Vice-President next year. Teddy, presumably, would be used only if the Democrats nominated Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York, and then only to confuse and mislead the voters, for, whatever else Teddy may have, he certainly has no political strength. In 1924 Al Smith defeated him for the governorship of New York by a hundred thousand plurality, though Coolidge carried the state by 850,000 votes, and in his autobiography, *Up to Now,* Mr. Smith remarks: "Probably there was no election that I ever entered that I felt so sure of winning." To run Teddy for Vice-President would be to nationalize the 1930 tactics of certain regular Republicans in Nebraska, who sought to defeat Senator Norris by entering a candidate with the same name in the Republican primary. The scheme sounds like something that might be excogitated by Robert H. Lucas, who is still the Republican National Committee's executive director, though he should have been dropped long since.

▶▶*Aerial Piano Lessons*

You may now take piano lessons by radio, from Osbourne McConathy Tuesday afternoons or Sigmund Spaeth Saturday mornings, courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company. Lessons are free; prospective students are merely asked to enroll so that they may receive a chart to aid in finding the keys. Nothing has been said about the amount of practicing which will be required between lessons.

Testifying to the excellence of this idea, enrollments, pouring in by the thousand, are expected to number nearly a quarter of a million in a few weeks.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Naturally, the courses are not intended to produce finished pianists, but to awaken interest in the instrument which stands neglected in most American living rooms and has threatened to become an anachronism. It is hoped that a considerable number of radio music students will become sufficiently interested to continue to study the piano with private teachers.

We commend the idea heartily, without, however, accepting quite literally the statement of the National Broadcasting Company's representative that there is no other purpose in the broadcasts (which in a year will represent a value of about $400,000 in time and facilities alone) save the desire to "recruit the life of the sitting room and promote the simple amusements of home, which long have languished." As a general rule radio officials do not pace their luxurious offices, restless with altruistic dreams. Nevertheless, they here offer a genuine boon. We have always envied those who can tinker at the piano, even if they can do no more than pick out one or two pieces remembered from childhood music lessons. They are happy people. They can fill dull moments with self-expression when the rest of us can only light another cigarette. They can always reflect that if they had only gone on with their music they might now be on the concert stage. We intend to enroll in a radio music class and become just like them. We shall get a chart and keep listening in until we have mastered "The Jolly Farmer," "Simple Confession" and the "Venetian Love Song," including the part where the left hand crosses magnificently over the right.

▶▶*Outmoded Anti-Trust Laws*

Business men should give thoughtful consideration to the movement which the National Association of Manufacturers has sponsored for the revision of the anti-trust laws. The movement, begun on March 24, is not only basically sound in its objective but discreet in the course chosen for achieving it. The association, says its president, John E. Edgerton, does not seek the repeal of the anti-trust laws but a modernization of them that will be consistent with modern business methods. It does not seek to force any definite change upon Congress but to persuade Congress to institute a thorough inquiry into the laws with public hearings designed to produce the frank views of American industry.

There could be no fairer or saner attack upon statutes which have long been noted as a survival of the Bryanesque type of thinking. The anti-trust laws are as out-of-date as the country stores slipping toward bankruptcy in Mr. Edgerton's birthplace in rural North Carolina. A case in point was offered on March 30 when the Department of Justice filed a petition in the federal courts charging the Sugar Institute with conspiracy to violate the anti-trust laws and asking for a dissolution of the organization, whose members refine ninety-eight per cent of the cane sugar used in the United States. The Department of Justice maintained that the Institute's activities had caused

Remarkable Remarks

Recently the *Outlook* announced that it would purchase weekly the best Remarkable Remarks sent in by *Outlook* readers at the rate of $5 for the one judged best, $2 each for the next seven chosen, and $1 each for as many more as were adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column. The Remarkable Remarks purchased this week appear below, with the names of the *Outlook* readers who contributed them. Readers are urged to submit their contributions as early as possible, as once a Remarkable Remark has been purchased duplicates will not be considered. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor and must be accompanied by clipped evidence of their source and author.

I unqualifiedly disapprove of gambling, both on ethical grounds and because it is a losing proposition.—Roger W. Babson.

Glenn Griffith, 1009 So. 28th St., Omaha, Nebraska, $5.

It is very bad for a man to be eternally suspicious, but it is very good for him to keep close watch on what the other man is doing so that he may take advantage of openings.—Harvey S. Firestone.

John J. McMahon, 11803 Gratiot Ave., Detroit, Mich, $2.

I am feeling fine again and about ready to return and take up the fight for high ideals of which a city like New York is worthy.—Mayor James J. Walker.

Miss J. M. Fosdick, 367 N. May Ave., Monrovia, California, $2.

There will be a saloon again on every corner, but it will not be the damp, furtive dive of yesteryear. It will have dignity, it will have beauty, it will have tone, and in it a free people will be happy.—H. L. Mencken.

G. M. Sassaman, 6919 N. Wister St., Philadelphia, Pa., $2.

The one-gallused boy living across the railroad track in the small town today is the important citizen of the big city tomorrow.—O. O. McIntyre.

Patrick E. Sullivan, 76 Nonotuck St., Holyoke, Mass., $2.

I'm the world's biggest hick. Every time I leave my farm I get into trouble. —Sinclair Lewis.

S. E. Thaw, 202 Pennsylvania Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., $2.

All my life I've been wishing I could make some of my golf shots over again. —Robert T. Jones.

Miss Pauline VanVessen, Cherry Ave., West Sayville, N. Y., $2.

I believe that women's clubs are the cultural hope of America, even if they proceed on the hemstitched lines of tabloid thinking.—Fannie Hurst.

Miss Irma Menough, 218 South Story St., Boone, Iowa, $2.

The wet metropolitan newspaper is the most pernicious force in America today. —Rt. Rev. James Cannon, Jr.

Ray W. Frohman, 1181 West 36th St., Los Angeles, Cal., $1.

Eventually all the bosh that is talked by the wets must subside, and the nation accept the law as it does other laws: marriage laws, divorce laws, education laws, speed laws.—Kathleen Norris.

R. E. Marrs, The Ohio Hotel, Dayton, Ohio, $1.

It is too often true that it is not politically expedient to deal with a public question in a candid and direct fashion.—Sen. William E. Borah.

Boyd Rasmussen, Ontario, Oregon, $1.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the consuming public to pay higher prices for sugar without benefiting the growers or producers. Regardless of the outcome of this action, its striking phase is that, even if the activities of the Sugar Institute had increased prices for the sugar growers, they would not be condoned by the government on that ground—though the Federal Farm Board has been spending a $500,000,000 appropriation to increase the prices of wheat for the wheat growers and of cotton for the cotton growers.

Congress should not delay in starting an examination of the anti-trust laws and their relation to present-day industry. It may be difficult, but it will not be impossible, to rewrite the laws so that they will still protect the public and yet square with twentieth-century business.

▶▶ *In Brief*

"Left alone without the paralyzing interposition of the government," says Calvin Coolidge, "the people have a better opportunity for progress, prosperity and happiness than can ever be secured from any official bureau." The Outlook congratulates Mr. Coolidge for coming out so strongly against prohibition . . . . Mayor Walker, says Governor Rolph of California, "is the ablest Mayor of the world's second largest city, unquestionably attested by his reëlection." How Governor Rolph must admire Big Bill Thompson, who has been reëlected twice . . . . They do say that Elinor Smith, who fell five miles while attempting to set an altitude record, is still receiving messages of understanding sympathy from Wall Street speculators. . . . "Hearts will throb," says an advertisement for a new movie, "Blood will race—Eyes will fill with tears! The World Was Too Small . . . . Only God's Limitless Sky Was Big Enough For This Mighty Drama!" Sure you have room enough now? . . . On his Caribbean trip, says a news dispatch, Mr. Hoover "lounged in a deck chair, hat slouched over eyes, spinning yarns and telling war reminiscences for nearly two hours." Next thing you know Mr. Coolidge will be giving away pennies on the streets of Northampton . . . Prohibition has been a huge success. Most of the gangsters, beer barons and bootleggers are in federal prisons. Few Americans are thinking about prohibition because it is now a settled fact. No, we have not gone crazy; we are simply quoting Senator Brookhart of Iowa.

The Bitter and the Sweet

An Editorial

One of the striking things about the depression of 1930-1931 has been the attitude almost unanimously displayed toward it by Americans. If ever there were an opportunity for critics of our present economic system to make genuine headway with the public, the last eighteen months have supplied it. Yet almost without exception such criticisms have met with no practical response.

Men who draw their inspiration from journals like *The Nation* have thundered in a vacuum. Followers of the *New Republic* have analyzed our affairs in the parlor only to hear no echoes from outside. Readers of keen and able economists like Stuart Chase, who have been vitally impressed by his observations, have not stirred themselves to any action. Even such gentle, not to say light-fingered, proponents of change as the Progressives, have been totally unable to win the country's confidence. During the last eighteen months, public opinion has remained quite untouched. To most Americans it is clear, this may not be the best possible of all worlds, nor even the best year to use as an advertisement for capitalism—but our economic scheme still remains the best thing so far in sight, and much better suited to the national temperament than anything yet advertised by the New Civilization salesmen.

"Go West, Young Man," said Horace Greeley in 1851. And summed up the answer to the economic problem of this country as it existed then and had for several hundred years; and as it still existed until about the days of the 1893 World's Fair in Chicago. If there were no living to be made in the small, rock-studded fields of Connecticut, or in the over-crowded streets of New York or Philadelphia—Go West. Land could be taken up, a living could be made in the forest, the prairie, the mines, simply by following the frontier. There would be the bitter with the sweet, of course. There always had been since the days of the Pilgrims. But America was the land of opportunity, of individual opportunity. It was different from the old world, only slowly emerging from caste systems and a hard and fast economic mould. America held chance, adventure, success or failure—and always the bitter with the sweet. The national temperament was, and is, built upon the idea.

The present century, of course, has seen the end of this frontier. It has witnessed the end of "Go West" as an answer to economic problems. It has seen a changing, moving civilization depart as clearly as if it had plunged into the Pacific Ocean, and in its place it has seen arrive a gradually stabilized status quo—a status quo such as came to China several thousand years ago; only with the important difference of a surplus of food and goods, instead of a deficit; an efficient machine-made civilization, farm and city, instead of an agricultural trading situation of farm to town; a civilization obviously dependent more and more on exports and the stimulation of its own demand to keep open the door of individual opportunity and success and provide an equivalent for "Go West, Young Man."

Beneath the rise of this industrial civilization, nevertheless, has persisted the fundamental belief in the desirability of individual opportunity. No matter whether frontiers disappear or industrial stabilizations arrive, America is still committed to the idea of individual success. As we have been, we are likely to remain, a nation of individualists opposed as far as possible to all caste systems, economic or political, and wedded to the idea that there is no limit, beyond personality and circumstance, to what a man may achieve or become. To preserve that chance for the individual, we would cheerfully suffer much more adversity than is contained in a single business depression.

In fact, what Indian massacres or storms and tornadoes were to the farmer colonists, the present business depression is to the modern American—the inevitable bitter that accompanies the sweet. But the desire for individual freedom still remains as strong in 1931 as it was in 1631. It may be true, as Walter Duranty suggests in his article in this issue, that the market presented by an industrially awakened Russia will turn out to be the equivalent of our old frontier in the next fifty years. Instead of going West, we may sell Russia. Or it may be that other economic fields not yet invaded will take the place for us of the plains and mountains of the old West. But one thing appears clearly. Whether, like the English, we take to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the sea when out of a job, or whether, like the Chinese, we stay at home and try to perfect our economic machine, the only workable answer will be one that is in line with the strongly individualistic American temperament. Economists who construct for the future will do well to take into account this purely psychological factor. Every American, unlike every Russian, believes more in himself than he does in the mass.

THE EDITORS.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S Administration, including cabinet members and commissions, proceeds by tangents, as we have often noted before. The Wickersham commission was an excellent illustration of this characteristic, condemning prohibition enforcement, but refusing to recommend repeal. Attorney General Mitchell gives another fine example in his attitude toward grape concentrate. Mr. Hoover's legal adviser declines to rule on the legality of its sale, thereby permitting it to continue. As a result, he gladdens the hearts of the growing "California gang" that has taken up legal and political residence in the Capital. By this method of silent acquiescence, Messrs. Hoover and Mitchell and Amos W. W. Woodcock, prohibition chief, likewise save the $600,000,000 grape industry of California from the ruin toward which it was headed a few years ago. There have been numerous similar instances, such as the Butler court-martial fiasco, but these are the most outstanding.

In the events accompanying the reorganization of the Federal Farm Board we imagine we see evidence of the same sort of tactics. Although it is not generally known to the public, the chairman of this body is really the whole Board, and the other members no more than technical advisers. It was so under the régime of Alex Legge, the hard-boiled Harvester man, and it will be so under James C. Stone, the new chairman. Although Mr. Stone differs radically from Mr. Legge, being a drawling, easy-going Kentuckian, who takes time out to play, and lacking the driving force that Legge possessed, the new chairman is easily the most dominant member of the farm body.

He has already given us a key to the sort of leadership he may be expected to provide agriculture in America. Upon taking office he gave a public pledge that there would be no departure from the policies practised by Mr. Legge. A few days later, however, he announced what everybody here who knows Mr. Hoover and Mr. Stone expected—that the Board would abandon its policy of purchasing wheat. In effect, he condemned actual intervention in the market by the federal body as unsound and unstable. Although Mr. Stone did not care to concede it too baldly, he virtually admitted that Mr. Hoover and himself had little use for the former chairman's program.

Baltimore Sun

Why not give this game up?

Mr. Stone professes to believe that the great remedy for agriculture is the creation of farm coöperatives which will market and distribute crops on a more equitable basis for the farmer. This, we understand, will be the Board's rather perfunctory program, henceforth. Oddly enough, Mr. Stone had a rather disheartening experience with Burley tobacco coöperatives a few years ago, when he headed a similar movement in that field. For awhile the coöperatives actually "coöperated," and the members made money. But human nature eventually asserted itself, the growers sold outside the central bodies and the venture lost money for all except a few promoters. We hope the lessons which he and the farmers have learned in the meantime may prevent the same outcome to his present endeavor, but few in the Capital have much faith that it will.

In short, the Board, despite its good intentions, has lost caste and confidence everywhere—with Progressives, Republicans and Democrats on Capitol Hill, with the farmers themselves, with the business men, with the bankers and most certainly with editorial critics. It is regarded as an Administration catch-all, desperately trying out any scheme that offers the slightest glimmer of success. It is held to be moved by political whims and fears more than any other organizations here except the Republican and Democratic national committees. Worst of all, it is now, for the first time, viewed and assailed as a political institution called into being to save Herbert Hoover against agricultural revolt in 1928.

In the prevalence of this last viewpoint lies a serious threat to the Board and to the President. Advocates of both the debenture and the equalization fee, including Mr. Hoover's friends and foes, waived their demands when he urged creation of the Farm Board. They let him frame the bill creating it, gave him $500,000,000 to finance it, and placed no obstacles in his path. If the Board is a failure now, as such conflicting fellows as Senator William E. Borah and David A. Reed contend, it seems to follow that the failure to help the farmer lies on the door of the White House, rather than on the threshold of the Capitol. Mr. Borah says so, though not for publication, at his daily conferences with the press, and we imagine the inability of Mr. Hoover and Mr. Borah to agree on the agricultural problem may have a tremendous effect upon the events of 1932.

We understand that if the farmers knew some of the details of the Board's operations, they would have even less love for that body. Although Mr. Hoover denounced and vetoed the equalization fee, we hear that it is this system,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slightly modified, which enables the Board to finance California grape growers in their concentrate venture to the extent of $20,000,000. Thus, in an effort to benefit one industry, the Attorney General winks at violations of the prohibition law, and the Farm Board advances money so that it may be violated the more effectively.

A. F. C.

The Week in Business

▶▶"Eleven Million—Thirteen Million—"

STRUNG-OUT ciphers make the business news stories of the week read as though Andy had worked them out in the taxicab office. The Chilean nitrate trust is launched with a capitalization of $375,000,000. Canadian paper groups are nearing a $350,000,000 merger. New Fox Film financing will be $75,000,000, and so on—to the end of Andy's memorandum pad.

Capital for "Cosach" (Compania Salitre de Chile) has been provided by American, British, German, Chilean, French and Spanish interests. The plans were worked out in New York by Pablo Ramirez, president of the organizing committee, and the Guggenheims, bankers for several of the nitrate companies included in the merger. Bonds aggregating $19,000,000 will be offered soon on the New York market.

The Canadian pulp and paper merger is virtually assured by an agreement of three big corporations—Canadian International Paper Company; Abitibi Power and Paper Company, Ltd.; and Minnesota and Ontario Paper Company. If this merger clicks, operating economies will be secured by closing down high-cost mills and concentrating operations in the low-cost plants.

The headline in the Fox Film news is the voluntary withdrawal of Halsey, Stuart & Co., Inc., from the syndicate that will undertake the new Fox financing amounting to $75,000,000. This means that William Fox is definitely out of the picture, and has nothing to show for his original investment of $1,000 in a Brooklyn five-cent cinema, unless we count the $18,000,000 he got from Harley Clarke for his Class B stock.

▶▶Great Team Work

TO CHANGE the business aura of a group of important states in a few years' time is a notable achievement. This is precisely what has been accomplished, since 1925, by the New England Council and its annual congress, the New England Conference.

With thousands of textile spindles moving south and the shoe industry in a bad way because of overproduction, New England was hard hit. To make matters worse, publicity overplayed the discouraging news and the rest of the country soon came to believe that New England was really down and out.

A few active and loyal New Englanders denied the allegation and formed the Council, with two chief objectives—to determine the exact economic position of the six northeastern states and to revive the old spirit of loyalty to New England and confidence in its future. The machinery was simple, the Council being set up as a group of 72 men, twelve from each state, with four elected executive officers and a hired staff of research, executive and contact men.

The Council is to be congratulated on realizing both of its objectives. A careful and unbiased survey proved conclusively that New England was not going backward, and this fact was given publicity to offset the gloomy propaganda of 1925. And the way in which New England has maintained business, kept operatives at work and minimized the effects of the depression, clearly indicates a revival of the old-time spirit. That other groups of states feel the need of similar team play is indicated by the inquiries the officers of the Council are receiving from Governors of many states. The Council has revitalized New England. It may help to lead the way to business stabilization for all of us.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) March 26—75.6. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) March 26—67.1.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended March 14—734,262 cars (increase of 10,728 over preceding week; reduction of 147,046 under same week of 1930).

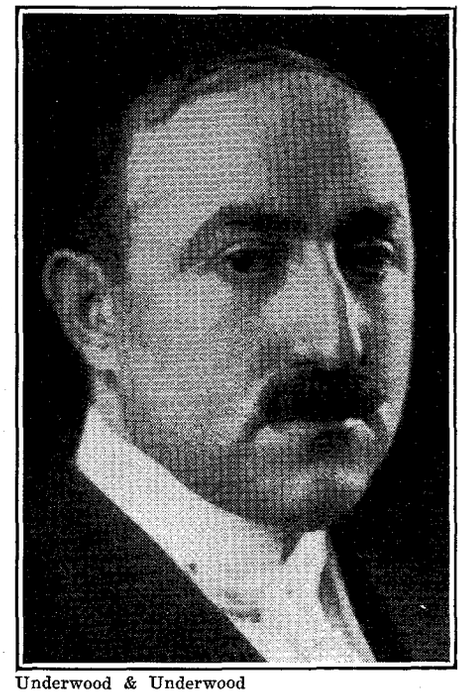
Steel Ingot Production Week ended March 21—57% of capacity (increase of ½ of 1% over preceding week; reduction of 16% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended March 21—daily average gross 2,268,050 barrels (increase of 77,500 over preceding week; reduction of 267,850 under same week of 1930).

Grain Exports Week ended March 21—297,000 bushels (reduction of 127,000 under preceding week and of 855,000 under same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended March 26—$8,182,196,000 (reduction of 11.7% under preceding week and of 29.4% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended March 26—654 (increase of 105 over preceding week and of 121 over same week of 1930).



Underwood & Underwood

WILLIAM FOX
He's completely out of the movies

▶▶The Dean Looks at Business

AN ADDRESS which Wallace B. Donham, dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, delivered at the first annual meeting of the Associates of the School, has been developed and enlarged into a 165-page book under the title, *Business Adrift* (McGraw-Hill $2.50).

Presenting the chief facts which now threaten the economic well-being of the United States and the rest of the world, Dean Donham stresses the challenge of Russia, the fallacy of too much dependence on our foreign trade, and particularly the need of an intelligent plan for meeting constantly changing business conditions.

In regard to Russia, Dean Donham assumes the success of the Soviet plan for the next generation, at least. He believes that we should not expand our exports aggressively, even if we can, because thereby we might weaken England and Germany to the point where they would turn communist. From the same point of view (the strengthening of western Europe) he suggests our cancelling the war debts, provided Europe stabilizes herself through cooperation.

We should, Dean Donham says, develop our home market by giving greater security and leisure at home rather than through depending on exports. We should seek constantly that ever-changing equation between work, security and leisure which gives steady employment and meets not only material but immaterial wants in a world which is always getting better control over nature. This, the Dean concludes, is the one hope for a great civilization.

FRANK A. FALL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

▶▶ Columbus, We Are Here! ◀◀

By WALTER DURANTY

AMERICA, it seems, repays her debts to Europe, whatever Europeans may say about "Uncle Shylock." Lafayette's loan was settled twelve years ago, and it is now the turn of the shade of Columbus to scrawl "received with thanks" on an old account. In 1492 Columbus discovered some islands in the Caribbean and a strip or two of the mainland, north and south. In 1930 America discovered a new continent, larger and potentially richer than the northern half of the whole western hemisphere, the U. S. S. R. to wit. The loan of Columbus was repaid with interest.

Future historians will record this event as the outstanding feature of the "post-war" period, to which they will declare it shortly put an end, to introduce a fresh cycle. They will see it, from a distance, as an event, but today it would be more proper to call it a phenomenon. Events have a time-point, whereas phenomena sail gradually into view like the rising sun. This phenomenon then first became apparent as a sort of twilight during the Communist Party Convention in the summer of 1930. The "Engineers' Trial" in November brought down with the sun's rim above the horizon. By New Year's Day of 1931 the whole round orb of the phenomenon was fully visible, and the dazzled Russians were rubbing their eyes in unfamiliar daylight. They didn't recognize the American Columbus, any more than old Christophoro knew he'd found America.

True enough, he came in unexpected guise, the discoverer, but if the Bolsheviks had read the Bible instead of spurning its ancient wisdom they would not have failed to greet him. His symbolical name was Fish, whom the Bolsheviks hate as Israel hated Dagon of Askalon. Had they read that wise old Book they would have seen he was not Dagon-Fish, the hostile diety, but Balaam-Fish, who was compelled to bless the hosts of Israel where he sought to curse them. The words of Balaam-Fish, uttered in New York on January 9, 1931, were a full and frank acknowledgment that the phenomenon had become an event, that America had discovered U. S. S. R. He said:

> Communism is in operation over a greater territory and a larger population than the United States. We can't laugh that off. . . . I believe in capitalism but shorn of its abuses and ugly greed to exploit mankind for the almighty dollar. . . . The communist expert in Russia has exposed glaring abuses in the armor of capitalism. . . . There is much that capitalism can learn and borrow to advantage from communism. . . . Lenin wasn't far from right when he said our capitalist system would commit suicide for temporary profit . . . .

Old Balaam, son of Beor, required sight of an angel and the miracle of a talking donkey and several personal conversations with Deity Itself before he spoke thus of Israel he wished to curse. And at that 'twas only the third time of asking he brought himself to speak his piece right out. (See Book of Numbers, Chaps. 22, 23, 24.) Representative Fish was less stubborn, although like Balaam he hedged about his reluctant praise with bitter words and advice how those he wished to curse should best be ruined. But what he did say would win any bright young Bolshevik admission to the Karl Marx University or the Lenin Institute. Believe it or not, Representative Fish in those few phrases hit the Communist party line as Bobby Jones hits a golf ball.

After all, the reader may say, one swallow doesn't make a summer, and this curious historical parallel is no more than an item, unexpected perhaps, but inconclusive. Yes, and what about quips, editorials and cartoons dealing with the U. S. S. R. in *The Saturday Evening Post,* no friend of the Soviet, three of them all in one number. And debates and discussions and lectures about the U. S. S. R. all over the continent. And the casual allusion in an OUTLOOK editorial to "Trotsky" Norris and "Rykoff" Coolidge, sniping at Mr. Hoover from Left and Right respectively? That looks as if the Union was more than a vague, unrecognized blur on the map nowadays. Not to mention Guy Greer's article on the Five-Year Plan in the same magazine, which any Soviet censor would have countersigned with enthusiasm for cable transmission. Unwilling Balaam-Fish has done more for the Bolsheviks than they, or he, or Washington, wot of. They were on the map already, in fact they cover about as much of it as the United States and Canada and Mexico put together, but he has them on the front page. Henceforth Russia is news, no unwelcome thought to a struggling reporter, marooned here for ten long years, far from home and the front page, too. So I doff my derby to Citizen Fish, and wish power to his press agent.

The point is, to speak quite seriously, that the United States, which has steadfastly refused official relations with the Soviet Union, today has a far sounder knowledge and more sympathetic understanding of this country than the European nations which have maintained embassies and consulates here for years —which suggests a hideous, an almost blasphemous, thought. Can there be a subtle connection between American understanding and European misunderstanding and the absence of American diplomats and the presence of European diplomats? Resolutely I put this Satan of a thought behind me and seek true and deeper reasons. First perhaps, Americans as a people have always been friendly towards Russians as a people, whether Tsarist or Bolshevik. You see, America never at any time was afraid of Russia. Unlike Europe, America has never trembled before Attila or the Turks or any frightful eastern storm cloud such as Russia might have been . . . . and yet may be. Second, America herself once fought a semi-alien King and rejected regal privilege, and the United States was born in revolution and rebellion. Third, the element of size, the geographic factor one might call it, of deep half-unconsciously appealing to deep. Americans think in continental terms, see things in a big way, think big and build big. So today does Soviet Russia and America can appreciate it, while Europe hates or fears it. Finally, there is something in the Soviet struggle to force reluctant nature to yield her treasures, to make the bleak steppe yellow with ripe wheat fields, and build thunderous cities where wolves howled amongst the pine trees, that strikes a responsive chord in the American heart.

The Bolsheviks, with their harsh Marxist materialism, would say I was talking nonsense, sentimental bourgeois guff. Yet old Bismarck was hard as any of them, harder maybe, and Bismarck admitted the value of "Imponderables" as he called them, the non-practical, non-objective influences which count more sometimes than Marxism knows. But Bismarck knew it. Suppose one approaches the subject from a Marxist angle. The United States, we can say, has "discovered" the U. S. S. R. for the same reason that the United States entered the War, that is for the sake of dollars and cents, to protect its business interests. The United States is suffering from an economic crisis, due primarily to the fact that rationalized and highly mechanized production has outrun demand. The United States postponed this crisis by the artificial stimulus to demand of "installment buying," then with incredible recklessness, just when installment buying had reached saturation

(Please Turn to Page 512)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

California, the Unbeloved

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

DRAWINGS BY H. S. BARBOUR

THE mild little gentleman in the Phoenix-bound Pullman from Los Angeles was passing out random gossip about the business depression.

"One thing shows how bad it is," he said, "all those battered-up, fourth-hand cars you see on Los Angeles streets."

The remark was casually uttered. It even sounded like a polite insinuation that in normal times, certainly in a sunburst of Coolidge prosperity, the limousine sheen of Los Angeles traffic must resemble a triumphal procession of imperial chariots. But the dour, executive-looking gentleman with the large cigar found it offensive.

"I guess you haven't been around much in Los Angeles," he challenged. "Been on Wilshire Boulevard?"

Yes, the mild person answered, he'd been on Wilshire Boulevard.

"Sunday afternoons?" the civic patriot harried him.

"Yes, Sunday afternoons," the little man went on with a kind of good-humored steadiness, "but I didn't see—"

"You saw the longest, thickest line of new high-priced cars you'll ever see anywhere in your life—that is, if you kept your eyes open." The big man snorted. But the little man had the commentator's persistence.

"The only trouble with that is," he confided in a slightly lower tone to the more sympathetic circle, "that my wife and me, while we were waiting for the bus, didn't have anything better to do, so we counted the model-T Fords. And—"

But we never knew the figures, for the colossus charged from his lair.

"Listen, friend," he bellowed. "I go everywhere. My business takes me. I don't mean these desert rat towns, either, or the hick county seats in Missouri. New York, Kansas City, Chicago, Cleveland, that's what I mean. I'm on my way to Detroit right now. Let me tell you when a man tries to tell me Los Angeles don't buy more high-priced cars and know more about polishing 'em up and showing 'em off than all the rest of 'em put together, it's a sign he hasn't been around much."

Grandly he rose, brushed the ashes from his clothes with a definitely pugilistic violence, and departed with the bearing of gentility painfully contaminated by riffraff.

"Most Californians," said a hitherto silent group philosopher, "get that way."

THEY do, and thereby hangs a far western saga of suppressed passion. Indeed, there has arisen throughout the hinterland states a vast untenderness for California. Individual Californians may be excepted from it by broadminded local sociologists to whom they have given proof over long periods of intimacy that they have avoided—or at any rate disguised—"getting that way." But, in general, throughout the million-

The Colossus of California: "Listen, friend, I go everywhere"

square-mile territory beyond the line of the Colorado and the Sierras, the race stands condemned for a selfish and maladroit bumptiousness, a meretricious braggartism deep-seated in the springs of local patriotism and in social and business customs.

THE Californians do not consciously dislike the hinterlanders. They think of them, if at all, as a population of worthy tributaries who ought to be happy in being served in a financial and commercial way by Los Angeles and San Francisco. Growth and prosperity in Phoenix and Reno are due, according to the Californian thesis, to their being on the road to the coast Elysium. Such civic bodies, therefore, should feel that their first communal objective, even at the expense of some self-sacrifice, is to advance California's progress as a means of enhancing their own. These considerations are the more valid to the California mind because it also conceives of the hinterland as being inhabited entirely by people who would settle in California if they could and will as soon as they can.

The facts may be, as the few Californians sensitive to the discord allege, that such assumptions are seldom offensively stated in the hearing of hinterlanders. It hardly helps tone the rancor down that the idea of California superiority is customarily expressed in insinuations, assumptions and patronizing social attitudes. Generally speaking, the Navadan in San Francisco or the Arizonan entertaining Los Angeles drummers in Phoenix would rather have a knock-down fight over the proposition that California's interests are pre-eminent, than merely to have the thought threaded through the background of the conversation as though it were something that all sensible men agreed with. Thus the California conviction of superiority settles down, like a constantly intruded religious tenet, into one of those constant annoyances which nobody can do anything about.

California's sense of the larger importance of its destiny, rather than a dispute about acre feet of water, is back of the extreme bitterness of the Arizonans in the Boulder Dam controversy. They cannot endure hearing any longer, as they have heard at a dozen federal and inter-state conferences, that the bulk of the water out of an Arizona stream ought to be poured into California aqueducts because it is more important for Arizona to help southern California grow than to grow herself.

THE origins of the feud, unfortunately for history, are lost in obscurity. This is perhaps because in the Bret Harte days, strictly speaking, there were no Californians. The "native sons" of glamorous inheritance were not yet old enough to be conscious of it, and their parents, when local pride was engaged, were more inclined to do battle in saloon brawls or sewing circles over the relative merits of Ohio *vs.* Kentucky than to join in boosting the newer scenery. Also, the imperfections of California were faced more frankly by a race enduring the raw discomforts of mining camps and knowing by realistic experience how often it was too hot or too cold for comfort, and when it rained excessively.

The bulk of the pioneers were not, for that matter, even permanent Californians. There was plenty of miners' and camp followers' solidarity, but the populace was interested in mineral bonanzas first and in California's super excellence only secondarily and with a proper skepticism. The halcyon period of all-western comradeship apparently began to decline as California acquired a settled population little, if at all, interested in luck with minerals but pro

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foundly interested in raising spectacular fruits and vegetables, creating markets for their wares and boosting realty values. These were the advance guard of the boosters, and contrary to the example of the forty-niners, who rather enjoyed parading themselves as rough and hairy persons living in the midst of more savagery and squalor than the West under normal circumstances often experienced, their natural objective was to persuade a civilized East, full of potential customers and clients, that California was the new Eden. The children of the forty-niners—the first "native sons"—growing up in settled town environments found it easier and more profitable to join in their enterprises than to go prospecting after gold in an already over-prospected wilderness. Hence, practically from the completion of the transcontinental railroad in 1869, the boosters were California's dominant element.

Millions of square feet of lingerie have been savagely shaken by California inspectors with a nose for insects. This quaint custom endears the state to women automobile tourists

UNLUCKILY, perhaps, for their perfect communion with the less polished prospectors and desert rats of the hinterland, the rise of the boosters synchronized with the peak of the "elegant language period" in American letters. So by the '70's the Californian historical sage, Hubert Howe Bancroft, was writing this of the new paradise under the apostrophe of *Lotos Land:*

> The hills roll off in voluptuous swells like the heaving breast of a lovelorn maid. . . . Almost all days are halcyon wherein on the surface of the sea the kingfisher may lay its eggs to incubate. . . . Spring and winter, life and decay, fetch and carry fair forms and sweet odors, their coming and going being no birth and death but only change.

The cruder citizens of the hinterland not only distrusted such swellness of verbiage on general principles, but suspected that old friends were going "high hat" on them. Having also, most of them, known flood, drought, starvation, sunstroke and frostbite at various points between the Siskiyous and the Mexican border, they knew it "wan't so."

THE California which first offended by ceasing to be the California which the forty-niners knew, could not rest without piling up offenses. The climatic blurb itself—the "all days are halcyon" thesis—was capable of infinite series of subtly irritating developments. Hinterlanders pouring in to shiver in the high fogs of July mornings, to swelter in the late November heat waves, or to acquire chills and pneumonia in the April cloudbursts of the land of perpetual springtime, may have experienced harsher weather discomforts elsewhere. But they did object to being expected to admit and believe that high fogs and cloudy days were weather phenomena of a totally different and hardly comparable species, and that the other difficulties were either paradoxical evidences of perfection in climates or so "unusual" as to be unworthy of a practical paradise-seeker's attention. They also tended to be nettled when, in a land reputedly endowed with a more teeming fertility than the average, they bought orange plantation sites which turned out to lie nine months of the year in a burning desert, or upland ranches where the stock had to be stall-fed from Thanksgiving to Easter, as in Minnesota. The wrath of such innocents could not as a rule be softened much by hindsight advice that before making investments they should have looked around long enough to find out how much the perfect climate occasionally varies between different California valleys.

MEANWHILE California's self-satisfaction with Nature's bounty was developing another form of pride—this time not directly connected with the vegetable kingdom. As early as 1893, the Los Angeles *Times* was predicting that "California may yet produce a more perfect physical type, one more intellectually alert and vigorous than our civilization has yet produced." Since then, this expectation of the imminent appearance of a super-race between Berkeley and Pasadena has been by announcements that the California air contains more than the normal quota of solar ultraviolet rays, but long before this the state was not lacking in groups anxious to convince hinterlanders that the super-race had already arrived.

Various eccentric religious cults, for which the Edenic Coast is famous, used the idea more or less harmlessly in luring on new members who might presumably want to become identified with super-races. But at least one strong and organized group of local patriots applied it flamboyantly and ruthlessly in a way to cover the West with personal scars. For the better part of a generation the Native Sons, as far as lay in their power, conducted social and business affairs in the California centers on the theory that the new settler or the visitor from elsewhere was something between an undesirable alien and a racial inferior. The "native son" pretension has been largely laughed into impotence by the wave of mid-western emigration to California since 1910—one of the few historically valid triumphs of Iowa humor. The hinterland, nevertheless, still throbs with the rancors of families who went to California in the order's palmy days to seek their fortunes, and retrekked eastward when they discovered the "native son" discriminations regarding employment, office promotions and admitting wives to clubs.

These, however, are old wars, and the same influx of Iowans which has had beneficial effects on the "native son" controversy, has provoked some significant new ones. For the mid-westerner,

(Please Turn to Page 510)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

King Babbitt's Court Jester

A Portrait of Will Rogers

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

IN THE jibes with which he amuses millions through the newspapers and by radio, and which often pass for wisdom, Will Rogers is never unkind except unwittingly. It is really true that all he knows is what he reads in the papers. The current public prejudice, whether it is the constant one of prohibition or intermittent irritation toward an inefficient Postmaster General, is the basis of what he says or writes. Will speaks with familiarity of the great. He lets it be known that he is on intimate terms with Calvin Coolidge, Secretary Mellon, Mussolini, Arthur Brisbane, and the Prince of Wales. He is, however, always respectful and he never goes counter to popular opinion.

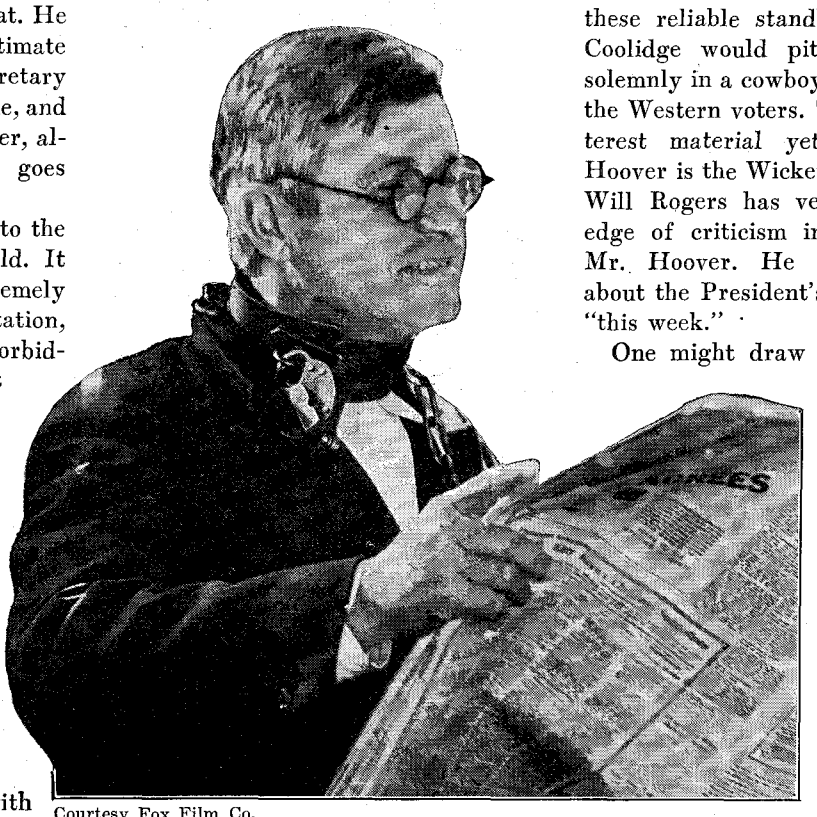
His rôle is that of court jester to the United States, if not to the world. It has many prerogatives, and is extremely lucrative. There is but one limitation, and this is that *lèse majesté* is forbidden. Rogers has been guilty on but one occasion: in January, 1928, when he was hired by the Dodge Motor Company to act as master of ceremonies at a radio jubilee held to announce a new model. This was arranged by the versatile Edward L. Bernays, the only rival to Ivy Ledbetter Lee in the public relations field. The cost, as the New York *Times* revealed on its first page the next morning, was $67,000.

The program had been proceeding according to schedule with Will greeting "my old pal, Al Jolson" and "my old pal, Fred Stone" and "my old pal, Paul Whiteman." Toward the end he announced that he had a surprise for his vast unseen audience. He was gratified to present the President of the United States, speaking from the White House, who would report on national affairs. A nasal twang, amazingly like that of Calvin Coolidge, came out of the ether.

"It gives me great pleasure to report on the state of the nation," began the voice. "The nation is in a hole. . . "

It seems incredible that people mistook this for Mr. Coolidge, but on the following day protests were solemnly conveyed to the White House. Will Rogers was chided by the New York *Times* for his breach of good taste. He was greatly distressed by it all and announced a week later, with obvious relief, that President Coolidge had not minded the burlesque in the least. Will said he had immediately written an apology and Coolidge, "in his own hand," had sent a two-page reply. A day came, some two years later, when Rogers was able to repay Mr. Coolidge for his graciousness. Meanwhile, the President had left the White House to become a working journalist.

"No one had any idea," said Rogers, "he could write such human and plain, straight-away interesting stuff."



Courtesy Fox Film Co.

Will Rogers gets most of his knowledge from the newspapers—and it is estimated that 40,000,000 persons follow his syndicated comments on the news

Nor was this the only time that Will had found good words to say of Mr. Coolidge. He may have teased Calvin about his Vermont parsimony, but he rarely missed an opportunity to pay tribute to his political invincibility. Possibly his admiration was not wholly disinterested. It may be apparent rather than real, an outgrowth of the dullness which permeates the news from Washington these years, but it seems as though the quips of the cowboy philosopher now lack the zest they once had. Coolidge was good copy. On a dull day, beating his mind for something to telegraph to his string of newspapers, Rogers could always say something about Coolidge's distaste for public utterance. Lacking something better, he could warm over the old jokes about the New Englander who endeavored to struggle along on only $75,000 a year.

"I would have come up to your house," he wrote, after a trip to Washington, "but I dident know whether you had any help or not, and keeping up a big house when you have always lived in a small one is quite a problem. Then I dident know what you might charge me. Does Frank Stearns pay board or does he live on you?"

Now that Mr. Hoover is President, these reliable standbys are gone. Mr. Coolidge would pitch hay or cavort solemnly in a cowboy costume to placate the Western voters. The best human interest material yet offered by Mr. Hoover is the Wickersham report. Even Will Rogers has ventured toward the edge of criticism in his treatment of Mr. Hoover. He recently wondered about the President's prohibition policy "this week."

One might draw a parallel between the Mr. Dooley offerings of Finley Peter Dunne twenty-five years ago and Will Rogers, but it would not be exact. Dunne, particularly in his earlier days, was far more acid than Rogers and usually more penetrating. Rogers, for instance, would never have been guilty of so devastating a book review as the one put into the mouth of Mr. Dooley when Theodore Roosevelt returned from the Spanish-American War and described his experiences as a soldier.

"I jus' got hold iv a book, Hinnissy, a gran' book," said Mr. Dooley. "'Tis Th' Biography iv a Hero be Wan Who Knows. But if I was Tiddy Rosenfelt I'd call th' book 'Alone in Cubia'."

Roosevelt winced under that, although he was man enough to be amused also. The victims of Will Rogers rarely feel a sting in his wit because, as he once explained, "I always give them the best of it." When he is cutting, it is usually at the expense of a group rather than an individual; his knife goes out for the Senate, the House, or the two major political parties.

"My advice," he said just before election day last November, "is to keep the Republicans in power. Otherwise you

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will add to the unemployment for, if you throw a Republican out there is nothing else he can do, while a Democrat must be able to make a living out of office. Otherwise he would not be living."

BUT Will Rogers has this in common with the nearly forgotten Mr. Dooley; he voices a distaste for established institutions. He declines to treat important figures with the reverence accorded them in newspaper editorials. Charles M. Schwab is "Charley" Schwab to Will, at least in his writings. The Ambassador to Great Britain is "Charlie" Dawes. United States Senator Dwight W. Morrow is that "smart little feller." Rogers, like Mr. Dooley, refuses to concede much virtue to either political party. He will sometimes strike a note almost as free from "bunk" as he himself claimed to be when he was advanced by *Life* as "The Bunkless Candidate" for President in 1928. In 1926, remarking on the fact that the Democrats had no issue two years before, Will said that John W. Davis, the presidential nominee, had been hopelessly handicapped.

"Some claimed he worked for Morgan and Co.," Rogers wrote. "My Lord, that's what we all do, work for Morgan, only he was smart enough to get paid for it—and we pay Morgan. Well, what happened! Why, they gave him a platform to run on called Honesty! Honesty in politics! If the Democrats could have brought back to life Thomas Jefferson, he couldn't have carried his own precinct on that platform."

ZIEGFELD'S "Midnight Frolic" on the roof of the New Amsterdam theatre went the way of many another divertissement in New York City when prohibition arrived. It vanished, along with Delmonico's and Jack's and Moquin's and all the rest, and reduced night life in New York to concentrated drinking in a thousand dull speakeasies. Even the jokes of Will Rogers could not save the Midnight Frolic.

"If Mr. Ford had taken this bunch of girls," he would drawl, referring to the peace voyage undertaken by the automobile manufacturer that year, "and let 'em wear the same costumes they wear here, and marched them down between the trenches, believe me, the boys would have been out of the trenches by Christmas!"

This was among the first of his "gags," and he used it a good many times with success, but the Ziegfeld Roof had many repeaters. These patrons came week after week, sometimes because they wanted to do so and sometimes because they were entertaining out-of-town buyers. Rogers decided that he would have to vary his line and so he began to read the papers. His fame increased enormously as people marvelled that he could find so much that was amusing in Henry Ford, Congress,

Courtesy Fox Film Co.

An American humorist who is not so dumb as he tries to look in this picture

and other national jokes. Dressed as a cowboy and idly making circles with his lariat, he was a relief from the over-exotic sweetness of Ziegfeld girls singing the latest songs of Irving Berlin or Gene Buck in their high nasal voices. He shuffled out into the center of the stage, which was surrounded by tables at the Ziegfeld Roof. The little wooden hammers so thoughtfully provided by the management beat their sharp rattle of applause. Will's jaws worked in methodical rhythm as he stood in the center of his flying circle of rope.

"We—ll" he began, shifting his chewing gum, "all I know is what I read in the papers."

BY 1915 Will Rogers was a star, a luminary ranking with Ann Pennington and Eddie Cantor. A good many years of obscurity had gone before. Part of his popularity in the Ziegfeld shows was due to the appeal he had for two widely different groups. Professional New Yorkers, believing themselves sophisticated and metropolitan, laughed at his Oklahoma drawl and found the same amusement derived from the traditional "rube" in vaudeville and burlesque sketches. Visitors to New York, attending the midnight show as one of the sights, laughed because they had known some character vaguely like Will Rogers. He might have been a cracker-barrel philosopher in the home-town grocery store; a local wit whose observations and cynicisms regarding Congress made other loiterers cackle. To a few, from the West, he might have been a cowhand similarly endowed.

To a degree, both groups were right. The secret of Will Rogers's appeal, which remains the same although his medium is now the newspaper and the radio, lies in a definite back-to-the-soil flavor. Whether this is consciously developed today is immaterial. Its genesis was genuine. He was born on a ranch twelve miles north of Claremore, Indian Territory, in 1879. His family was indubitably one of the first in the territory since his father was one-eighth Cherokee Indian and his mother had one-quarter Indian blood. Rogers *pere* was a man of substance, if not of wealth, and helped to draft the constitution under which Oklahoma eventually enjoyed statehood. A monument is the fact that the county in which Claremore is situated is named Rogers County.

Fortunately for his future, the son of this leading citizen had small inclination toward culture. Will Rogers attended school very briefly, thus preserving his native colloquialisms for appreciative audiences, and started to see life by taking a boat bound, after numerous side excursions, for the Argentine. The voyage was interrupted in England and Will got a job taking livestock to Africa for the Boer war. He made a precarious living by breaking horses for the British army and, the war over, he agreed to do a roping act when an American named Texas Jack started a Wild West show in Johannesburg. He stayed with the show on its travels from Rhodesia to Cape Town. He was a mildly popular attraction, and after fourteen months shifted his loyalty to Wirth Brothers Circus in Australia. This lasted for an additional six months and then Will found himself in San Francisco. The St. Louis World's Fair was about to start, so he drifted eastward and joined another Wild West show held on the grounds.

UNTIL 1904, being in his late twenties, Rogers was an edition of scores of other cowhands who had deserted the vanishing open range for the fleshpots of the stage. It had many advantages. The exhibitionism which persuaded the cowboy to wear extravagant hats and embroidered boots could be utilized in front of the footlights. The pay was a little better. Some of them drifted into the movies and made Wild West pictures in the days when America's cloak

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and suit merchants were just awakening to the possibilities of the movies.

Will Rogers might not have amounted to much had it not been for an idea that it would be possible to do a steer-roping act on the stage. By 1905 he was doing this at Hammerstein's Victoria and lesser houses. Gradually the steer, always an item of expense and also of some risk, was discarded. Rogers's skill with the lariat was sufficient for a short turn on the stage and then, one night at the Union Square Theater in New York, the manager called Will to his office. The act was good, or at least pretty good, he said, but the customers who lived near Fourteenth Street did not appreciate the fine points of rope artistry. He suggested a short explanatory note and that night the audience bursts into guffaws over Will's Oklahoma accent. He recalls being exceedingly angry after the show and insisting that he would not do it again. He was persuaded to continue, however, with the result that he became a headliner.

Some time during 1913 he attracted the attention of Florenz Ziegfeld, impresario extraordinary. Ziegfeld needed several artists who could go before the curtain and hold the audience, while a scene in which the Follies girls paraded as the Flags of the Nations could be changed into one in which they paraded as the Flowers of an Old-Fashioned Garden. By 1914, when he first appeared in the Follies, Will had inserted some jokes into his patter. But his real success dates from the time when he began to vary them each night. Legends spread to the effect that he had never been known to repeat himself. He was soon an outstanding attraction and feature stories appeared on the dramatic pages to the effect that Will Rogers commanded an audience of at least 2,000 people every night. He was no longer an interlude in vaudeville; he was an American humorist.

The established version of how Will Rogers began to write for the papers, as well as read them, concerns a dinner attended by Louis Wiley of the New York *Times*. Will had, on the strength of his Follies fame, been invited to speak at a good many public dinners. His speeches, if they could be thus dignified, were invariably the hit of the evening, but they received slight attention in next morning's papers. "Another speaker was Will Rogers, the humorist," was all that the reporters could find to say. On this occasion, Mr. Wiley laughed with the rest of the diners, and protested to the news department when he found none of the fun in all the innumerable columns of the *Times*. It was explained to him that Will's jokes were funny only when reported in the exact language of their creator. Transcribed by a reporter they seemed flat and stale. The upshot was a weekly piece in the Sunday edition, in which Rogers wrote monologues based on the news of the week. It soon became a successful syndicated feature. Four or five years ago the brief, succinct comment on the news of the day, addressed "To the editor of" whichever paper had paid the required price, was added. An estimated total of 40,000,000 people now follow Will Rogers in 350 daily and 200 Sunday newspapers from coast to coast.

Money came to him in fabulous quantities even before his recent successful talking pictures and today Rogers has one of the biggest incomes in that land of incredible earnings. He broadcasts twice a week. He has his writing. He is one of the prized stars in the constellation of the Fox Film Company because his pictures are box office successes and still please the censors and the women's clubs. But Will is not much of an actor. He can play parts such as that of "Lightning Bill" Jones with distinction by being perfectly natural. He can drawl out the lines given him, although his custom of speaking *ad lib*, without reference to the text, drives his directors crazy. When he has to show sorrow, however, he looks just a shade foolish. He screws his face into fearful contortions and seems to have swallowed a pickle.

Will Rogers, as a moulder of public opinion, sponsors no revolts against the established order. He has a kinship to Artemus Ward, whose comments afforded amusement to the troubled Lincoln, but he is less daring than Ward because onslaughts upon political office-seekers and other absurdities were almost heresies in the '60s. Today they are commonplaces.

Will is constructive. He would never rail at the imperialists, should the question arise, as Finley Peter Dunne did. There is in him none of the rebellion which, as Charles A. Beard points out, marked the reaction of Mark Twain when it dawned on a minority of the United States that there was a degree of tinsel to the Gilded Age. Will does not point to sores on the body politic; he usually ignores them. He will help Dwight Morrow cajole the Mexican Government into more friendly feelings toward the United States. He will praise the "Good-Will" flights of Lindbergh with extravagant enthusiasm. But he will be discreetly silent in an issue in which feeling runs high. It is possible that he senses things which he does not say, for, regarding Congress, he can sometimes be almost profound. It is a safe subject. It is the fashion in this year of the American experiment to believe that the nation would be far better off with only a wise, Republican President, unhampered by foolish and obstructionist Congressmen. Of the tariff debate, Will wrote:

"It will begin by discussion for a three per cent ad valorem duty on imported birdseed. Taking the affirmative side will be Tom Heflin, with a bird's-eye view of the mistake of allowing the Vatican more territory and a motion to prevent Al Smith from building the highest building in New York. Then will be a two weeks' discussion on prohibition followed by ten days of Arizona senators denouncing Boulder Dam.

"And by Christmas you won't know whether the birds got any seed or not."

Unquestionably, Will is at his best when he discusses politics. The hunting season is always open for politicians; they are protected by no game laws. Al Smith, at least, would be in a stronger position at the moment if he had followed the gratuitous advice offered by Will Rogers in October of 1927. In an open letter addressed to the Governor of New York, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, he said that his nomination would split the Democratic Party and, besides, Al could not win because "there has been too much prosperity among big capital to allow a change at this time . . . . As for the farmers, there is not enough of them to get anything." Will suggested that Governor Smith decline the nomination.

"Now, Al," he concluded, "you do that and you will knock 'em for a majority in 1932."

This Week's Contributors

Henry F. Pringle, a member of the Outlook staff now on leave of absence, is an expert in dissecting the lives and records of men in the public eye. He is now in California writing the life of Roosevelt. Mr. Pringle is the author of *Big Frogs*, a collection of sketches, and a book on Al Smith.

Duncan Aikman is a newspaper man on the Pacific Coast, who likes his California immensely but likes to point out some of her idiosyncrasies.

Jonathan Mitchell is a well-known New York newspaperman who was a member of the *World* staff for years. He is now writing a book on international relations.

George Trevor, our regular contributor on sports, is a member of the sports staff of the New York *Sun*. He is a Yale graduate, and an authority on virtually every branch of athletics.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New York—A City In Agony

By JONATHAN MITCHELL

New York City is in the agony of another wave of reform, another effort to "turn the rascals out." Tammany has ruled now for fourteen years—and a city is in revolt. First came the investigation of magistrates' courts; then an inquiry, ordered by Governor Roosevelt, into the District Attorney's office; and now impends a legislative inquiry into the whole city administrations. Dirt, and more dirt—but still no permanent remedy!

•

A FEW weeks ago, a young woman, a prospective witness against the New York City police, was found strangled. Before that, case after case had been uncovered of police brutality which, in many instances, bordered on actual perversion. It had been established that some New York policemen were making a business of "framing" women as prostitutes.

It is alleged that in New York courts a misdemeanor will be dismissed for $200, a felony for $2,000 and up. New York judgeships are supposed to be sold at fixed rates, ranging from $10,000 for a police magistracy to $75,000 for a Supreme Court Justiceship.

There have been in the past whisperings about the civic virtue of Chicago. The Vare election scandals, not long ago, indicated that all was not strictly straight in Philadelphia. What makes the case of New York unique is not, perhaps, its corruption, but the fact that in New York women's organizations and groups of clergymen—the despised "church vote"—have now succeeded in forcing a general inquiry. This investigation is scheduled to begin the taking of testimony within a few weeks. Its chief counsel will be Samuel Seabury, descendant of the first Episcopal bishop in America, anti-Tammany Democrat, once reform candidate for governor. The general belief is that New York is on the verge of the most drastic shaking-up it has had since the Lexow and Mazet inquiries of a generation ago, which broke the power of Croker.

AS THIS is written there are rumors of the impending resignation of Mayor James J. Walker, and his apotheosis as a Hollywood film executive. There is not much doubt that Mr. Walker is low in his mind, and would resign if Tammany would let him. Tammany Hall is fighting for its political life. Tammany fears not so much Mr. Seabury, as Edward J. Flynn, Democratic boss of the borough of the Bronx. If Walker resigns or is removed, he will automatically be succeeded by the Aldermanic president, one of Flynn's henchmen. During the last ten years, approximately a million people have left Manhattan for the suburbs. Tammany retains its enormously efficient machine and its great prestige, but its voting strength is waning. If Mr. Flynn, young, aggressive, a graduate of Fordham University, once gets his hands on the City Hall patronage, there is a very good chance he will be able to break Tammany's supremacy in New York City forever.

A struggle between Flynn and Tammany is bound to have considerable effect upon next year's presidential election. Republicans hope that it will enable them to save New York for Mr. Hoover. At present Mr. Hoover is extremely unpopular there, and, unless the Democrats are divided, might lose the state. Republicans also earnestly hope that Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt's failure to take the initiative in attacking Tammany will hurt him with the country at large, and help kill him off as a contender for the Democratic presidential nomination.

NEXT to Chicago's Mayor Thompson, James J. (our Jimmy) Walker is easily the best publicized city executive of this generation. He succeeded, five and a half years ago, the kindly, honest John F. Hylan (more commonly known as "Red Mike"). Mr. Hylan's brain had become overheated from reading editorials in the Hearst Newspapers, and he had spent his two administrations fighting tremendous and wholly imaginary battles with John D. Rockefeller, Sr., the late Judge Elbert H. Gary, and "the interests." After Hylan, Walker promised to be a relief. Soon after he took office, Walker began calling himself "night mayor," in contradistinction to his assistant, Charles F. Kerrigan, who was "day mayor." Mr. Walker arrived at City Hall late, when he arrived at all. He went to musical comedies, boxing matches and night clubs. He was press-agented as the best-dressed mayor in the world; his automobile was only a little less sleek and conspicuous than that of Peggy Hopkins Joyce. He took frequent vacation trips and met glamorous people. On one occasion he mysteriously disappeared from City Hall, to arrive back later from Bermuda, triumphant and somewhat embarrassed, with the engaging Miss Betty Compton.

Wide World

The best dressed and the most harassed Mayor in the United States

In the beginning most New Yorkers took vicarious delight in the doings of Mr. Walker. He represented Broadway, and to the inhabitants of Washington Heights, Astoria and Flatbush, Broadway is exactly as strange and glittering as it is to most of the rest of us in the United States. In point of fact, a large part of this reputation of Mr. Walker was manufactured. His reputation as a wise-cracker came from his service as a senator in the New York state legislature. It is possible to impress Albany newspaper correspondents and still be something less than another Mark Twain. Recently, after shocking police corruption had been exposed, Mr. Walker declared: "If John Citizen would quit bribing weak officials for this, that and the other thing, most of the trouble will be eliminated." This, perhaps, will give you an approximate idea of Mr. Walker's political and general intelligence.

IN NOVEMBER, 1928, when Walker had been mayor for about three years, Arnold Rothstein, reputedly the wealthiest and most dangerous gambler in America, was found mortally wounded in a hotel just off Broadway. It speedily became evident that the police did not dare make arrests. The city was suddenly face to face with the other and more sinister side of Mr. Walker's Broadway. About this time, a marked change was taking place inside Tammany Hall. For twenty years, Tammany had been ruled by Charles F. Murphy, a Catholic puritan, than which there can

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be nothing more puritanical. The dapper John J. Curry, who now (after an interregnum filled by Mr. George Washington Olvany) became Tammany leader, possessed none of Murphy's authority and character. Most of us only know Murphy through the excoriating attacks made upon him by William Jennings Bryan, which were to a considerable extent unfair. Murphy, while he was boss of Tammany, enforced certain elementary standards of decency.

The first important attack upon the Walker administration came in 1929, a year after the Rothstein murder, when Walker ran for reelection. His Republican opponent was Fiorello LaGuardia, for many years an erratic and pugnacious member of Congress. During the campaign, LaGuardia charged that an obscure magistrate, Albert H. Vitale, had received a loan from Rothstein. LaGuardia had no chance of winning. On election day, Walker defeated him by the enormous plurality of 499,857 votes. But LaGuardia succeeded in forcing an investigation of Vitale; his accusations later were found true, and the Rothstein case was revived. A few months after this, Charles H. Tuttle, Republican United States Attorney in New York, former Sunday school superintendent, began a one-man crusade against the Walker administration. Using his power to summon witnesses before a Federal Grand Jury, Mr. Tuttle ferreted out the fact that $250,000 had been paid by the United American Lines to obtain the release of a city-owned pier. This money, Mr. Tuttle charged, was split up among Tammany officials. Mr. Tuttle uncovered a former Brooklyn veterinarian who had collected nearly $1,000,000 for unexplained services to applicants for building licenses.

MR. TUTTLE'S greatest triumph, however, came when he discovered a city magistrate named Ewald, who had made a mysterious payment of $10,000 to a Tammany district leader, Martin J. Healy, a few days before his appointment. The real boss of Healy's district was a Supreme Court Justice, Joseph F. Crater. The day that Justice Crater was called to testify in the Healy-Ewald case, he vanished. This created a newspaper sensation second only to the Rothstein murder. The last place that Justice Crater had been seen was in a Broadway night-club; girl night-club entertainers came forward with many piquant details of the Justice's private life. Once more the city administration and Broadway seemed a little too closely intertwined.

At this point Governor Roosevelt enters the story. The 1930 election campaign was just beginning; Roosevelt was running for a second term. Republican newspapers demanded that he intervene in the affairs of New York City. The Governor did not, either then or later, take a particularly bold, forthright course. Every time there has been a demand that he do something, he has vacillated for many days, and then acted abruptly and angrily. After a long delay, Roosevelt authorized a Grand Jury investigation into the Healy-Ewald case. The Grand Jury promptly indicted Ewald and Healy, and then cheerfully volunteered to investigate every other magistrate in New York City. Governor Roosevelt refused to provide the necessary funds, and persuaded John W. Davis, Democratic presidential nominee in 1924, to write him a letter upholding the strict legality of his refusal.

MEANTIME the Grand Jury, proceeding with funds advanced by a New York City reform organization, subpoenaed Mr. Curry, Tammany boss, and thirteen Tammany district leaders. Mr. Curry, when invited to waive immunity, flushed red with indignation and declared himself "insulted." Again the demand was made that Roosevelt take action. After several more days of hesitation, Roosevelt suddenly ordered an investigation into all city magistrates' courts. This investigation, which has been in progress since last October, marked the first appearance of Samuel Seabury as inquisitor. Under his direction, seventeen of the city's forty magistrates have been questioned; five have so far resigned or been removed.

Early in the inquiry, Mr. Seabury unearthed a young Latin American, "Chile" Mapocha Acuna, who had been a police stool pigeon in vice cases. To date, one police lieutenant and some forty patrolmen have either resigned, been dismissed or are awaiting trial. New York women's organizations were profoundly shocked by these revelations. Meetings were held; it was the beginning of articulate popular indignation. Tammany, growing alarmed for the first time, executed a sudden and brilliant counter-offensive. Last December the Bank of United States failed, with more than four hundred thousand depositors. Isidor J. Kresel, Mr. Seabury's chief counsel, was also counsel to the Bank of United States. The Bank's affairs were rapidly investigated, and Mr. Kresel was indicted.

In the coming months, as the investigation into New York's affairs proceeds, we shall probably hear of two names again and again. One is that of Samuel Untermeyer, who today is chief "higher strategist" of Tammany, and the other is that of Max D. Steuer, probably the most ruthless and feared trial lawyer in America. It was Mr. Steuer who brought about the indictment of Kresel. For a time, the investigation seemed discredited.

Then came the finding of the body of Vivian Gordon, prospective witness in the Seabury inquiry, in Van Cortlandt Park, with a clothes-line bound tightly around her neck, and the touching suicide, a few days afterwards, of Miss Gordon's fifteen-year-old daughter. It was a horrible business, and New York's "church vote" was stirred to its depths.

The City Club of New York, after lengthy meetings, filed charges with Governor Roosevelt against the aged and ineffectual District Attorney, Thomas C. T. Crain. Filing charges against district attorneys, it may be mentioned, is a prerogative of the City Club. In 1889 the City Club brought charges against Croker's district attorney, Asa Bird (To-Hell-With-Reform) Gardiner. In 1917, it was responsible for the charges against Murphy's district attorney, Edgar T. Swann.

NEW YORK'S "church vote" was now thoroughly aroused. An investigation of Mr. Crain was no more to it than a peanut-butter sandwich set before a hungry lion. A sub-committee of the directors of the Greater New York Federation of Churches, representing the principal Protestant denominations of the city, promptly met and urged the investigation of Mayor Walker. (The comment of the Roman Catholic Chancery upon this was: "The business of the Catholic Church is saving souls, and not meddling in politics.") On last March 17, St. Patrick's Day, the Rev. Dr. John Haynes Holmes, highly unorthodox pastor of the Community Church, and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, conspicuous New York Jewish leader, filed formal charges with Governor Roosevelt against the Mayor.

New York's state Senate, this year, is Republican by a margin of only two votes. Republicans, up to this point, had been unable to undertake a legislative inquiry into the affairs of New York City because of the refusal of William L. Ward, boss of Westchester County, to let them have the necessary votes of Westchester's two senators. Mr. Ward is an old political hand; an investigation into Westchester has been threatening for several years, and Mr. Ward preferred to leave well enough alone.

WITH the filing of definite charges against Mayor Walker with Governor Roosevelt, the new and incredibly active Republican State chairman, W. Kingsland Macy, became frantic. He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foresaw Roosevelt being finally forced to take decisive action against Tammany, and thereby becoming a state and national hero. There is evidence that members of Mr. Hoover's administration were enlisted to bring influence upon Mr. Ward. The Tammany issue was the only thing, Mr. Ward was told, which could carry New York for Hoover in 1932. Ward surrendered, and a legislative inquiry was voted.

This brings us up to the present. There are predictions that this new investigation will last a year, at least, and perhaps two. Mr. Seabury has gathered around him a young, hard-working, enthusiastic corps of lawyers, all amateurs in politics and all entirely removed from political influence. Tammany will give them a hard fight. Already there are stories that city records have mysteriously vanished, that witnesses are unobtrusively departing for foreign countries. But it does not seem likely that Tammany can cover up everything.

The Seabury investigation is charged with the duty of devising municipal legislation which will prevent corruption from ever occurring again. It is doubtful if they will find such safeguards. New York, from past investigations, has municipal machinery enough and to spare. Probably the only effective way of ensuring good government is the periodical raising of the cry: "Turn the rascals out."

The Spotlight on Sports

▶▶*Steeplechase*

ANOTHER Grand National has been run with the customary casualties to horses, riders, and pocketbooks. Spanish critics, stung by criticisms of their bull ring, refer to the Liverpool steeplechase as evidence that Anglo-Saxons tolerate a sadistic vein in their sports. When fifty-seven horses out of sixty-six starters fall at the jumps—as happened in the 1929 holocaust—one may legitimately question whether the element of sport is not obscured by cruelty.

The Grand National—four miles and 856 yards in length—has been run uninterruptedly since 1839. Time has invested it with glamorous tradition and romantic legend. It is the turf's patrician classic in contrast to "the common people's race"—The Derby. I fancy English breeders and owners would rather win the Grand National than the Epsom Downs fixture.

Aintree's exacting course calls for thirty jumps, each one over five feet high. Sixteen hurdles are taken on the first lap and fourteen on the second circuit. A canal, paralleling the course, is bisected by brooks and sluiceways which lend a macabre zest to some of the jumps. Rail fences and thorn hedges, backed by ditches or brooks, constitute the uncompromising obstacles. The one stone wall caused so many accidents that it was recently removed in favor of a thorn fence.

Among the jumps that have become household words in Britain are Valentine's Brook, Becher's Brook, The Chair, the Water Jump, and Canal Turn. At the latter corner, the course makes a right angle bend to the left. This sudden curve is screened from the thundering herd by a thorn hedge 5 feet 9 inches tall. No sooner have the horses landed than they must wheel sharply to the left. Morbidly inclined spectators get thrills aplenty.

All obstacles save The Chair and the Water Jump are taken twice. A lagoon fifteen feet wide must be spanned at the latter point. It is guarded by a two-and-a-half-foot hedge. Becher's Brook, popular with the mob, consists of a five-foot hedge, three feet broad on top, with a stream five and a half feet wide on the far side. Just to make things harder, there is a two-foot drop from the take-off side to the landing beyond the brook!

Life has few such moments as that which comes to those who stand just beyond Becher's Brook while a Grand National field bears down on that grim obstacle. The drumfire of hoof-beats stirs the most sluggish pulse. Plumes of spray spurt upwards, geyser fashion, as a competitor fails to clear the water. The indescribable crack of toe plate against thorn hedge crest presages another tumble. Horses and riders go down in a jumbled heap.

Cruel? Perhaps, but as long as men greatly dare and horses are bred for courage, the Grand National will continue to provide its quota of shudders.

▶▶*One for the Weak Side*

AT LAST, "the man bit the dog" in tennis. No reflection on genial Karel Kozeluh is implied by this Danaesque metaphor, but even the Czech's most rabid admirers must admit that when K. K. beats Tilden that's news.

In justice to Kozeluh, who has conquered Tilden once in fifteen matches, it should be said that his stonewall tactics are not attuned to indoor courts or hard surfaces. Getting the ball back is Kozeluh's forte. He exemplifies what might be called the negative side of tennis strategy—wins by refusing to lose. Inasmuch as tennis matches are usually lost rather than won—errors deciding—Kozeluh's defensive policy pays dividends.

However, K. K. is essentially a grass-court player. A slow, lazy bounce gives his genius as "a getter" free scope. The ultra-fast bounce off wood, asphalt or dirt makes retrieving and "scrambling" difficult. A severe hitter, such as Tilden, who tries for aces rather than to nourish a rally, has a decisive edge on Kozeluh indoors. Tilden inconsiderately refuses to beat himself. Unlike Norris Williams, he combines pace with control.

▶▶*Among the Pachyderms*

HOW DO you like your wrestling, if at all? New Yorkers, who have been packing Jack Curley's professional shows at Madison Square Garden this winter, insist upon being entertained via a series of aerial acrobatics, accompanied by cacophonous symphonies of groans, grunts, and rebel yells. If those ghoulish moans and agonized grimaces aren't just a theatrical pose, the Spanish Inquisition could have learned a few fancy tortures from modern wrestling.

Jim McMillen, prominent contender,

(Please Turn to Page 511)

Underwood & Underwood

Becher's Brook, one of the most hazardous jumps in the Grand National Steeplechase

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Talents and Trends

"THE appearance of freakishness generally means: poetry is not in a poetical period: it is in a psychological period. It is not trying to say 'things often felt but ne'er so well expressed,' but to discover what it is that we are really feeling." I am indebted for this excellent quotation to Houston Peterson who, in his *Melody of Chaos*, quotes it, himself, from Riding and Graves' *Survey of Modernist Poetry*. Most of the poetry and a good deal of the prose in *American Caravan IV* (Macaulay $5), the yearbook edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford and Paul Rosenfeld, is freakish. And it is, of course, a wish to discover what we are really feeling rather than to communicate emotion which moves those writers of today who may properly be called modern. The editors of *American Caravan* are too intelligent to allow a volume described as representative to become the class-book of any one school of writing; but, with one or two exceptions, their contributors are consciously —some of them self-consciously—modern. Taken as a whole the book is dull. The mind shrinks from it, seeking either more familiar or more solid ground. For a lack of solidity, quite as much as a strangeness, characterizes the work. The writers refuse sustained thought or sustained effort. They write sketches in prose or in vers libre and their efforts have the appearance of ephemeras. This is not exactly adverse criticism, for, since "what we are really feeling" is a jerking succession of emotions, and what we are really thinking is a scattered, discontinuous line of thoughts, the ephemeral sketch is the obvious expression. The *obvious;* not necessarily the complete or the true. There is nothing ephemeral about the work of, say, Proust. The trouble with the sketch as a literary work is that, unless it contains a commanding idea or is written in prose or verse capable of exalting, it cannot draw the reader's mind away from its own concerns. This is increasingly difficult to do, anyway. Readers have now been taught, by years of magazine reading, *not* to concentrate.

I think (but do not know) that the editors of *American Caravan* accept unsolicited manuscripts from some contributors and solicit them from others whom they especially wish to see represented in their year-book. For the best known among the contributors to *American Caravan IV* offer stories and poems which probably could not be published elsewhere because they are too violent or, more often, too slight. The prose ranges from Robert Penn Warren's stolid local-color story of tobacco war in Georgia to George Whitsett's partly unintelligible but often amusing ironic fantasy, and includes sketches and short and longish short stories by symbolists, naturalists, romantic-realists and a batch of young men trying to write like Proust. It also includes two critical essays, John Gould Fletcher's "Impulse of Poetry" and Ferner Nuhn's brief but able "Art and Identity;" an unforgivably stupid five-act tragedy by Virgil Geddes, and a motion picture scenario by Herbert Bernstein, more trite and boring than Hollywood's worst. The poetry, of which I am a very poor judge, runs from a collegiate type of poem by Russell Davenport, which might have been written any time, to a group of "dreams" in rhythmic prose by the late Harry Crosby which could only have been written under symbolist influence. Too much of the poetry seems to me lifeless and labored imitation. The most easily traceable influences in both poetry and prose are Proust, Gertrude Stein, Rimbaud, Valery and Sherwood Anderson.

The most noticeable things about the contents of the volume as a whole are these influences, a dehumanized quality, the frequency with which a technique which suggests the work of the camera is used, and sameness. Many, very many, of the pieces might have been written by one man.

If you are seriously interested in contemporary American literature, you probably ought to look over *American Caravan IV*. It does not contain specimens of the work of all our finest young writers—not by any means. But I am sure that William Faulkner is worth watching, and I think that Robert Cantwell, Robert Coates and Philip Stevenson may be, judging from their work in this volume. It is a pity that some of the ponderous juvenalia of men who should have grown up by now is included; but no anthology can please every one. And *American Caravan IV* fairly represents both talents and trends.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

The Bridge of Desire, by Warwick Deeping: McBride. Deeping's sensible if not original ideas about marriage and divorce in a machine-made story. Reviewed March 25.

The White Faun, by Olive Higgins Prouty: Houghton, Mifflin. Youth in revolt against the conventions of the older generation in a new novel by the author of **Stella Dallas.**

The Sophisticates, by Gertrude Atherton: Liveright. Clever but trifling tale of the "sophisticated" attitude toward murder. Reviewed March 11.

The Winding Lane, by Philip Gibbs: Doubleday, Doran. A challenge to our "new morality," interestingly written with fine character portrayal. Reviewed April 1.

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

Non-Fiction

Boners, by Dr. Seuss and A. Abingdon: Viking. A sparkling little book of amusing mistakes. Reviewed March 11.

Education of a Princess, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia: Viking Press. The autobiography of the first cousin to Russia's last Czar. Reviewed January 7.

The Memoirs of Marshal Foch: Doubleday, Doran. The Great War through the eyes of France's much beloved Marshal. Reviewed March 25.

Hard Lines, by Ogden Nash: Simon & Schuster. Riotous light verse, much of which has appeared in the New Yorker. Reviewed January 28.

The Science of Life, by Wells, Huxley and Wells: Doubleday, Doran. Science and its relation to life in two volumes. Reviewed February 4.

The Week's Reading

"RAFFERTY," by Willard Wiener (Farrar & Rinehart, $2). This story of Rafferty applies, without doubt, to a universal pattern of lives. A tenement childhood, young dreams choked by old ugliness, tramping from city to city, jobless, drinking, whoring, sweating at stern, musty toil—these are the signposts on the sorry road of reality. Without doubt, also, one way of conveying the rhythm of such futility through the lines of a page is by an inarticulate, choppy reiteration. But when neither the story nor the rattle of words which tells it are illuminated by a viewpoint, by an interpretation, or by a philosophy, it is meaningless. It stretches before you like a railroad bed across wasteland, winding monotonously as far as you can see and the sound of it comes to you like the clatter of wheel against track. To create a Rafferty who would be universal in his desire, his pain, and his vague quest for some personal kingdom, you would need to infuse your picture of his life with a spiritual meaning. You would need to paint it with the colors of your imagination. Mr. Wiener, however, is no painter; he is a newspaper photographer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"No Surrender," by Jo van Ammers-Küller (E. P. Dutton, $2.50). Taking, for background, the violent years of struggle over Woman Suffrage in England, Mrs. van Ammers-Küller plunges a hypersensitive little Dutch girl into the storm. Joyce Coornvelt, whose father was a wastrel and whose mother ended in an asylum, has a lonely, high-pitched nature. Each time she lets herself believe in some one, and she needs a passionate faith to live, she meets with blinding disappointment. Her dog, whom she rescues from drowning, is her one mainstay of affection. Thus poorly armed against the world, she finds herself facing a decision between the need to be a martyr for the Cause of the Suffragettes and the need to love and be loved by a dominating man. The feverish dilemma which divides Joyce against herself, the psychological tissue of the tale, is of the stuff of life, thorny and vigorous. But the crises, in which militant Suffragettes run riot in hysterical destruction, read too much like propaganda. They fail in dramatic tensity necessary to the tragic fulfillment of the story's end. The outstanding passage in the book comes at the beginning where, at Aunt Katie's ninetieth birthday party, the only present which gives her pleasure is the piece of barley sugar which Joyce, having heard that the old lady used to like it, has saved up to buy. When you have read that chapter, you know the purport of the book, the bitter and the tender facets of the author's mind.

"Flamenco," by Lady Eleanor Smith (Bobbs-Merrill $2.50). Gipsies are everywhere acclaimed as a glamorous people despite the evidences to the contrary in the form of dirt, vermin, vice, and disease. Writers, in particular, have a weakness for describing the bright fire of vitality which they believe to animate this mysterious race. So, in good romantic tradition, Lady Eleanor Smith plants a Romany baby in the dilapidated household of a Georgian family exiled on the moors of Devon. Camila grows up with the two sons and the daughter of Richard Lovell, who was caught playing a pair of loaded dice in London and doomed to nourish his disgrace far from his fellow men. Mrs. Lovell refused herself to her husband and found consolation in drink. Richard, brooding but unrepentant, rode the moors by day and forgot them, by night, at the local tavern. The children knew no discipline save the hardships of neglect. Camila, the gipsy, with no blood ties among the others, grown beautiful, roused varying passions in the family. Of these passions and their fate, the author spins a stormy, blood-curdling yarn. "Flamenco," consciously exotic, challenges you, like a distorted dream, to escape from reality and ride the witch's broom of fancy into Walpurgisnacht.—V. P. R.

"Jungle Ways," by William B. Seabrook (Harcourt, Brace $3.50). Once in so often Mr. Seabrook goes and lives in some little-known country—not a visit but a stay of many months. When he comes out he produces a book which at the same time makes scientists sit up and lovers of adventure rejoice. He was fifteen months in Arabia and told his "Adventures" there; the same time in Haiti and produced *The Magic Island*. When he came back the other day from his travels on Africa's Ivory Coast and thence through cannibal tribes and the queer Habbe people whose criminal code resembles that of Butler's *Erewhon*, where criminals were treated as patients and sick people were sent to jail—when he came back, we say, he wrote the present fascinating and exciting yarn, of which he affirms with every probability that some millions of people will sooner or later read it in one language or another. It is true that some of the things described belong to ethnological science rather than to popular entertainment; but it doesn't do to visit Africa without putting one's delicate sensibilities into temporary cold storage. Yes, the author did take pot-luck with the cannibals once; he relates his experience soberly, and expresses satisfaction at having "learned the empiric truth;" but, so far as we can see, the principal fact ascertained was that "long pig" tastes like veal, "not young, but not yet beef." So that is settled! Apart from the exciting and hilarious episodes, one recognizes the fact that the book possesses decided value in that it throws light, not only on "magic" and "sorcery," but on the basic thought and ideas of primitive peoples, their racial traditions and their moral and religious principles or lack of them.

"Traitor or Patriot? The Life and Death of Roger Casement" by Denis Gwynn (Cape & Smith $3.50). The answer to the question of the title depends on the point of view. Sir Roger, a British subject, betrayed Great Britain to her enemy; he was at least technically a traitor, and was hanged according to the law of nations. If he believed that the defeat of England would aid Ireland to become a free and independent country he was at least in heart a patriot. His own statement, written in Berlin, was, "If I fail—if Germany be defeated—still the blow struck today for Ireland must change the course of British policy toward that country." That is quite a different thing from independence; one wonders if he ever envisaged the idea of an Ireland ruled by Germany! Apart from his footless and foolish attempt to aid Germany, Casement had a remarkable career; his exposures of the cruel treatment of the Puturnay Indians in the rubber districts made an international sensation. For this he was knighted. He fought Home Rule in Protestant Ulster and in the Catholic South with equal bitterness. The "Britannica" says that his mind was affected by his tropical experiences, and intimates that his hatred of England was due to that fact. Mr. Gwynn has made

YALE

LENIN: RED DICTATOR
By George Vernadsky
A vivid "political biography" in which Lenin is shown as the genius of Bolshevism and one of the most formidable personalities of all time.
Price $3.00

THE RECOVERY OF MYSELF
By Marian King
An amazing document of a patient's experience in a hospital "where sick and disordered minds are skillfully restored to health and peace and courage." *Price* $2.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
NEW HAVEN · CONNECTICUT

CLEOPATRA
By OSKAR VON WERTHEIMER
Translated by Huntley Paterson

At eighteen she seduced Caesar to save herself from her treacherous brother and to save Alexandria from the Romans. Her guile and beauty were her lifelong weapons against her country's foes. A brilliant biography by a young German whose work has been compared with that of Strachey and Maurois. *32 illustrations.* $5.00.

LIPPINCOTT
Washington Square Philadelphia

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What is the way out of our breadlines and bankruptcies? Read this challenging book.

AMERICA'S WAY OUT

by NORMAN THOMAS

MACMILLAN ~ $2.50

CURIOUS BOOKS

1. Unusual Reprints . . .
2. Unexpurgated Volumes
3. Private Presses . . . .
4. Curiosa and Esoterica
5. Limited Editions . . . .
6. Foreign Translations

Send for descriptive catalogues

PANURGE EDITIONS
98 FIFTH AVENUE..NEW YORK

a complete and thorough biography, aided by diaries and by documents not heretofore accessible.—R. D. T.

"ABOVE THE DARK TUMULT" by Hugh Walpole (Doubleday, Doran $2.50). An officer, "veteran of the World War in reduced circumstances," that tragic figure so frequently met in the Employment Wanted columns of the London papers, stood in Piccadilly Circus one snowy day and wondered whether to spend his last half crown on a hair-cut or a meal. With the help of a volume of Don Quixote, he decided on the hair-cut, and the fantastic and shadowy events which followed upon his visit to the barber's might be figments of a starving man's brain. He met three old friends and an enemy and a girl long loved; he witnessed murder and assisted in the disposition of the corpse; he joined, unwillingly, a party of revellers "being Greeks;" he saw a madman embark on the career of itinerant preacher, and another hurl himself and a frightened meddler from a theatre roof; and he won the girl he loved. This is a tale dull and hard to follow, and if an analogy to Don Quixote was intended it has not been clearly carried out. Mr. Walpole in a foreword says that this story was written in the midst of more serious work. Your reviewer thinks it might as well have been left unwritten.

"STRANGE MARRIAGE" by Netta Syrett (Dodd, Mead $2). This is the story of a country girl married to a Yellow-Book Londoner. His clever friends call him "the ethical Adonis" and her, "an innocent Beardsley" or "Jenny Mere" (see Beerbohm's *Happy Hypocrite*—and if you've never read it you've missed something). Jenny was wedded but no wife. Love came to her unsought, but not in the person of one of the je-ne-sais-quoi young men of her husband's circle; and love left its not uncommon burden. Then the true beauty of her husband's character appeared and he shook off his inhibitions and made, with Jenny, a perfect marriage which grew in richness as the years went by. A few months ago Netta Syrett gave, in *Portrait of a Rebel*, an intelligent if fleeting picture of the changes in woman's life and society's viewpoint in the last fifty years. She has tried to do it again in *Strange Marriage*. But where the first novel was pungent this one is saccharine. Except for the lightly sketched characters of the ingenuous girl and her repressed husband the people of the plot are impalpable; and the scenes and personages of the gay nineties, used to give verisimilitude, are stagey and wooden.

F. L. R.

Behind the Blurbs

THE outstanding *Crimes of the Year*[1] have been collected by Joseph Gollomb in a vol. you will find horrible, and exciting as any of the recent thrillers. There's the Harlem laundryman who was killed in his locked shop, the Frenchman who strangled two old women, the Texan, Payne, who put a bomb in his wife's car, and Irene Shrader, who, with her little son and her lover, doubled and twisted and shot her way through danger for 3000 miles before she was caught. And there are the stories of Herrin, of Chicago, and of the Hungarian town where the women killed off most of their men. We recommend this to your horrified attention. ♣ ♣ ♣ As for *Pigboats*[2], it's interesting if you'd like to know what happens to those who go down into the sea in submarines in war time, but as a story it might make a good movie. Story of naval lieut. who gets drunk and misses the boat—rather fortunately for him, for it doesn't come up again. Rated as dead, he enlists again and under another name heroically works his way back to where he started from. And there, without further comment, we leave him. ♣ ♣ ♣ Sonia Paige's husband came home and found her hanging from the chandelier. Naturally he was somewhat horrified, because he was fond of her, and he called the police. "Suicide," they said; but there were those that thought different, and the investigation that followed will provide you with a number of thrills and surprises. In spite of an occasional bit of unconscious humor, we recommend this one which is called *Fourth Degree*[3]. ♣ ♣ ♣ Our conviction that the proper place for the fiction detective is in the short story field has been confirmed by reading *Dr Thorndyke's Cases*[4], by R. Austin Freeman. Here are eight cases in which the well-known medico-legal expert distinguishes himself, and which plenty of writers would have strung out into as many volumes. Each one is complete and with the addition of a few more clues, another suspect or two, a love story and the inevitable padding, could have been strung out to book length. We recommend them to detective story readers and writers for entertainment and instruction, respectively. ♣ ♣ ♣ Talbot Mundy's imagination grows wilder and wilder, so that his new adventure story *Jimgrim*[5], is somewhat hard to follow but we cannot deny that it is cram full of action. It's all about Dorje, who having discovered Atlantean scientific secrets in the buried cities of the Gobi desert, set out to make himself king of the world. Sworn to defeat him are Major Grim, Jeff Ramsden, Chullunder Ghose, and Major Crosby. There are airplane flights over the Himalayas, bombs, explosions, poison gas, bullets and socks in the jaw which continue for almost 400 pages without pause, let or hindrance. ♣ ♣ ♣ *1066 and All That* is a very funny history of England, "comprising all the parts you can remember,"—and just about as you remember them. For instance: "Napoleon's soldiers always used to march on their stomachs, shouting: 'Vive l'Intérieur!' and so moved about very slowly (*ventre à terre*, as the French say) thus enabling Wellington to catch them up and defeat them." "Napoleon ought never to be confused with Nelson, in spite of their hats being so alike; they can most easily be distinguished from one another by the fact that Nelson always stood with his arm *like this*, while Napoleon always stood with his arms *like that*."

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Liveright, $2.50.
2. By Commander Edward Ellsberg: Dodd Mead, $2.00.
3. By K. S. Daiger: Macrae Smith, $2.00.
4. Dodd Mead, $2.00.
5. Century, $2.00.
6. By W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman: Dutton, $1.75.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Political Panaceas ◀◀

As Seen in Recent Books

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SINCE politics is the science of arranging the future, and since the future is relatively unknown, it is natural that the idea of a panacea—or some universal formula of healing and beneficence, some elixir of life—should hold sway in politics, long after it has been banished from the pharmacopoeia. Even today, the backwoods and grassroots districts invest the bucolic dollar in Indian Snake-Lotions and Doc Huggins Universal Remedy (60% alcohol by volume), so it is perhaps not unnatural that our political yokelry should queue up for something which will at a stroke cure all of the world's maladies.

The modern world is sick, very sick, economically and politically and morally. It is suffering from a bad attack of machinery, complicated by a recent disastrous war and financial maladjustment. Its symptoms are so complicated as almost to defy diagnosis.

The leading nostrum on international sale is, of course, Communism. It has its points. Sherwood Eddy in *The Challenge of Russia* (Farrar & Rinehart) stresses the Soviet passion for social justice as a quality we might emulate. His book is passionately sane and worthy of deep consideration. There are, of course, any number of other books on Russia; Soviet wheat exports have apparently led to the American rediscovery of the existence of the U. S. S. R., whose impact has hit us right below the Farm Belt. H. R. Knickerbocker's *The Red Trade Menace* (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is an interesting journalistic survey of the economic implications of the Soviet Five-Year Plan for American economy.

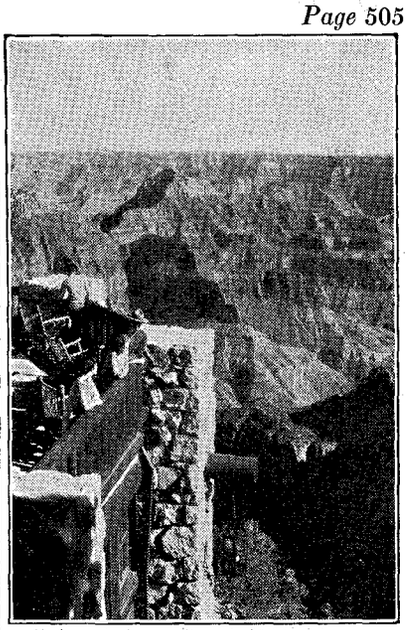
A rather less fashionable panacea twelve years after Versailles is the cult of nationalism. When Will Durant presents *The Case for India* (Simon & Schuster) and C. F. Andrews discusses *India and the Simon Report* (Macmillan) the cult of the romantically oppressed Hindu claims its toll of perfectly good American trees. John O. Crane's report on *The Little Entente* (Macmillan) is another reminder of that post-war nationalism in Eastern Europe which is keeping the spoils of peace intact at the risk of future conflict. Zionism is yet another nationalistic reductio ad absurdum, the case for the Jewish minority to displace an overwhelming Arab majority in Palestine on the strength of the Balfour Declaration. Albert Einstein writes *About Zionism* (Macmillan). In *The Case for the Jews* (Bloch), Louis J. Gribetz presents "an interpretation of their rights under the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate for Palestine," while Maurice Samuel, *On the Rim of the Wilderness* (Horace Liveright) surveys "the Conflict in Palestine" and concludes that the Arabs have got to exercise their political rights through collaboration with the Jews.

What wonder that, amid all this welter of creed and policy, men should seek refuge in the everlasting arms of a dictatorship. Yet even a dictator can be wrong. In *Dictatorship on Trial* (Harcourt, Brace), twenty-two leaders of modern thought hold a symposium on this attractive cure-all and, after an examination of dictatorship as it exists today, conclude that those who cry for bigger and better Mussolinis are headed in the direction of bigger and better troubles.

All of which makes one wonder whether what we have been schooled to regard and dread as "Socialism" is not, as Norman Thomas suggests in *America's Way Out* (Macmillan), the "program for democracy." Certainly Mr. Thomas's ideas and proposals are not dictatorial or subversive. He advocates nothing which would not have recommended itself to Mr. Jefferson. He doubts that Messrs. Rockefeller and Ford really did it for "the wife and kiddies" and dislikes the idea of "a nation of 'contented cows,' sleek and well fed, yet docilely standing for milking by the lords of credit and land and all other economic dynasts." He doubts that "nothing can go wrong if we'll leave it to Henry Ford, Owen D. Young, and Mitten Men and Management" and he believes that we might ascertain "the number of the unemployed at least as accurately as we now know the number of pigs" in these States.

Yet he is comparatively mild in comparison to a hard-bitten conservative like Richard T. Ely, Director of Research of the Institute for Economic Research and Research Professor of Economics of Northwestern University, who proposes a standing peace-time labor army, with a permanent staff and "war" funds with which to mobilize large forces of laborers in times of depression. Professor Ely makes this proposal in *Hard Times: The Way In and the Way Out* (Macmillan), without apparent regard to the fact that it might be used to apply to everything which is alleged against the Soviet labor system.

JOHN CARTER.



Grand Canyon from Union Pacific Lodge

America's Greatest Tour — Zion-Bryce-Grand Canyon National Parks. See them all on a 5-day motor bus tour via Union Pacific.

Union Pacific
Serves Them All—

UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM — THE OVERLAND ROUTE

All the best attractions of the West at your command. 15 National Parks to choose from and more of the scenic West than any other railroad serves—

Zion-Bryce-Grand Canyon
Yellowstone-Grand Teton
Rocky Mountain National Parks
Colorado
California and Hawaii
Pacific Northwest and Alaska
Western Dude Ranches

Take advantage of low summer fares with liberal stopover privileges. At little more than half the usual rail fares via Union Pacific you can visit any of the above regions.

Let us also tell you about our escorted all-expense tours.

Write today for free illustrated booklets about any of our vacation wonderlands.

UNION PACIFIC

J. P. Cummins, Gen'l Pass'r Agent
Room 34, Union Pacific System
Omaha, Nebr.

Please send me complete information and booklets about_____

_____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

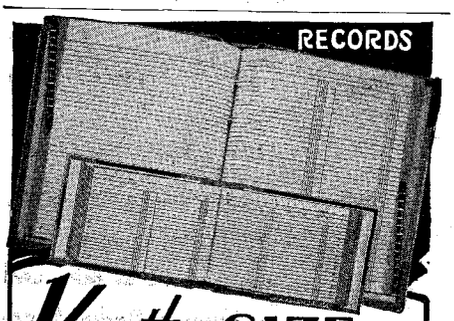
THE Ahwahnee

IN YOSEMITE

As Yosemite transports your spirits to massive heights, so The Ahwahnee carries you back through the best art of a thousand years—surrounds you with the carefully selected native handicraft of twenty-two countries.

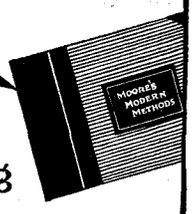
Make this distinguished hotel your scenic headquarters in California, just overnight from San Francisco and Los Angeles. All-Expense Tours of Yosemite range from 2 to 4 days and $23 to $77.50. Ask any travel agent for full information and for folders write: Yosemite Park and Curry Co., Box 113, Yosemite National Park, California.

OPEN ALL YEAR



1/2 the SIZE— the SAME EFFICIENCY

Why use large, cumbersome record-keeping equipment, when a compact Moore's Loose Leaf System will serve just as efficiently with much less effort and at only a fraction of the cost. Small, convenient, Moore's Systems lend themselves readily to all record-keeping needs. Their low cost and small size make them more efficient than any other systems.



FREE this guide to NEW record-keeping efficiency

Containing life-size forms, completely filled in, illustrating uses, this book shows how to systematize your business and lower operating costs. Shows simplest methods used by 300,000 leading firms. Invaluable for office, factory, business or profession. Write on your business stationery and receive FREE copy, return mail. No obligation.

JOHN C. MOORE CORP.
Established 1839
6113 STONE ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Fill in coupon, attach to Letterhead, and 144-page Book will be sent FREE.

Name .....
Business .....
City ..... State .....

The Latest Plays

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

ONLY one new offering appeared on last week's theatrical schedule but for a show of its type it left little to be desired. It was called *The Silent Witness* and was, as may easily be deduced from such a title, a crime melodrama. Presented by Lee Shubert under the direction of Harry Wagstaff Gribble it was a skilful and absorbing performance.

I think Mr. Gribble should have the major portion of the praise in connection with *The Silent Witness,* first for having set such an effective tempo, secondly for making Lionel Atwill, who *has* been known to overact on some previous occasions, give a well balanced and restrained performance, and thirdly for having sprinkled the whole play with bits of "business" which heightened greatly the value of the lines. I would like to congratulate Mr. Shubert on having finally got a director in his employ of so much taste, imagination and sense of dramatic values, and I hope he gives Mr. Gribble lots to do. It will make Shubert productions practically painless. That, I might add, is an example of an extremely rare thing—constructive criticism.

As for the play itself, *The Silent Witness* is one of those things to tell too much about would spoil the pleasure of prospective ticket purchasers, as a lot of the fun is in guessing who did what and why. It is an importation from London where it made quite a success last year. The authors, Jack de Leon and Jack Celestin, were previously unknown to me, but I hope to know more of their work. Lionel Atwill plays the father of a foolish young man who comes and tells the family he has just strangled his mistress. The flash-back method of telling the story is used so that, although we see the girl strangled, the next time anybody else tells the story as *he* saw it we of the audience are again permitted to gaze on the provocatively beautiful Kay Strozzi who plays the jade. Miss Strozzi's diction is not all that it should be but her face and form are certainly worth contemplating. Fortunio Bonanova is the other featured member o the cast and he gives a fine characteriza tion of a blandly villainous Spaniard He will be remembered as the gentlc man who was impelled to give Katharin Cornell a clip on the jaw last year i *Dishonored Lady.* With him possessin such a fine voic as he displayed i that show and o phonograph record it seems a sham that he hasn't a son in *The Silent Wit ness.* Is it too late t insert one even no in the second scene Gosh! There I g giving *another* bit o constructive c r i t i cism!

Once upon a tim Mr. Bernard Shaw among others, re marked that a court room scene was th one fool-proof the atrical device—or words to that effect It may be that the authors of *The Silen Witness* had heard that and, therefore did not work as hard on that scene a on the rest of the play for, in spite o some most excellent acting by Lione Atwill and a diverting comic bit by on Harold de Becker, that is the one plac in the show that drags just the least littl bit. However it comes back for a fin and exciting third act—a difficult thing to achieve in a play of this sort. Far too often the last act of a detective play contains little but cross-questioning and the final denouement which invariably tells the audience that the one most unlikely person, the one whom no one has so far even slightly suspected, is actually the one who committed the murder.

Perhaps you're wondering how the father of the youth with a penchant for strangling his girl friends could be the star part played by Mr. Atwill. Well, I don't believe I'll spill too many of the beans if I tell you that, for very sound reasons that I won't divulge, the father gets himself accused of the murder and is tried instead of the son. It took a good deal of ingenuity on the part of the authors to make that plausible, but they succeeded. It was a welcome relief, also, to be given Scotland Yard men who were human, considerate and, at the same time, efficient and intelligent. See if you don't agree.

Recommended Current Shows

Admirable Crichton: Walter Hampden and Fay Bainter head the competent cast of Barrie's satire.

As Husbands Go: Not unkindly fun at the expense of Iowan ladies who think they prefer the foreign brand.

Civic Repertory: Always thought-provoking.

Fine and Dandy: Mad nonsense, songs and dancing with Joe Cook.

Five Star Final: Dramatic expression of rage against the tabloids.

Girl Crazy: Fine Gershwin score and Willie Howard to laugh at.

Grand Hotel: What might be going on in different parts of any hotel. Good "theatre."

Mrs. Moonlight: Sweetness and light, tempered with wit.

Sweet and Low: Rather coarse laughs and some good tunes.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Katharine Cornell's best acting for a long time.

The Green Pastures: Go see it again. I just did.

The Wonder Bar: Al Jolson, a silly plot, a novel setting and Patsy Kelly.

Tomorrow and Tomorrow: Philip Barry's best play, feelingly performed.

Vinegar Tree: Smart farce with Mary Boland at her best.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

THE effort to describe various complicated, beautiful or grotesque objects in this department without the id of pen, brush, pencil or camera, has t times been a great strain upon our one too robust mentality. And even hen the efforts were frequently unsuccessful. Even our harshest critics admit hat these little prose lyrics are beautiully written. But, they say, we read this olumn for facts, not to be ravished by he beauty of your diction. Well, there , perhaps something in this. Facts *are* tranger than diction. Or are we losing he thread of the argument somewhere? nyway, henceforth our descriptive owers will be propped, bolstered and ssisted—and occasionally, we hope, endered unnecessary—by some little rawings which will assist you in visualizing the various objects which, in our wanderings, meet our penetrating and frequently astonished eye.

The object on our left, which had the honor to pose first for Mr. Barbour, repreents the new electric tea kettle—reluced some ten diameters, of course—vhich will bring two quarts of water to he boiling point in eleven minutes. Other records held by this kettle are: ne quart, six minutes; three pints, nine ninutes; five pints, thirteen minutes. Comes in five-pint and ten-pint sizes. Fill it with water, plug it in wherever t happens to be, and it will do its stuff. Guaranteed for one year.

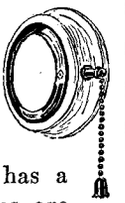
THE Foldabrush is a new shaving kit that can be packed into the vest pocket. Everything packs in a metal box about the size of a cigarette case. The chief feature, as you will no doubt have surmised from the name, is the brush. This is made in four hinged sections, something like a folding screen. Open, it packs flat; closed, it makes a fairly thick brush.

THE Silent Theatre Box isn't what you might imagine from the name, although it does fill a long-felt want. It's a box of silent chocolates for those theatregoers who must take some sweetening with their ideas in order to get them down. There are a lot of people like that. Personally, we think that people who want to eat, or discuss their neighbors, or brag, or parade their charm and knowledge, ought to stay home from the theatre. But it's apparently the other people who stay home. The champing, chattering, wiggling, coughing mobs who fill our theatres are a spectacle which in time will sour even the most determined lover of his fellowman. It must be a great temptation sometimes for the actors simply to reverse rôles, sit down and watch the audience. This noiseless candy, however, is a step in the right direction. Gagged, shackled to his seat, provided with a box of this candy and a program printed on cloth, the average theatregoer should be able to get through a three-act show without disturbing any one but his immediate neighbors.

THE All Clear Bridge Table has two ash receivers built in at opposite corners. The receivers have a sliding partition through which you can drop the ashes at a touch of the finger, thus getting them out of the way where they can't be brushed into your lap or over the table.

IF YOU want to visualize the whole stream of recorded history, get a copy of the Rand McNally Histomap, which records 4000 years of changing world power. It is divided into streams of color which, running from the top to the bottom of the map, represent peoples, states and empires, widening as they rise to power, narrowing down as they decline. The cross lines represent the centuries, and outstanding dates, personages, wars, inventions and so on are briefly mentioned in the proper places.

HAVE you a dark corner in your home into which you would like to bring light? Then get one of the Eveready Wallites. In cellar or attic, closet, garage or cabin of motor boat—anywhere that the electric wiring doesn't go—these lights can be put up. Each light has a chain pull switch. Dimensions are 5⅜ by 4½ by 1⅞ inches thick. Comes in ivory or black, with nickel trimmings.



THE Yale Press has just brought out a book on the crafts and people of the Southern Appalachians called *Mountain Homespun,* which contains not only a great deal of practical information on weaving, dyeing, quilting and so on, but also much about the people who practiced these vanishing arts. It has thus a double interest—or perhaps a triple one, if we include the illustrations, which are excellent.

ON TO GERMANY FOR
Medieval Fairs and Festivals

Undying is the medieval world in a land that celebrates historic festivals. Rothenburg stages the 300th anniversary of "The Master Drink" and shepherd festivals. Nuremberg, Frankfurt, Hildesheim, Lübeck. The modern world in fairs and expositions in Berlin, Dresden, Munich. Honest prices, no visa fee, no landing charges. Write for Illustrated Booklet No. 23. GERMAN TOURIST INFORMATION OFFICE, 665 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Festival Play at Nördlingen

"Going to Europe" means going to
GERMANY

SEE EUROPE ALL EXPENSES
$475 pays all expenses on sea and land to visit Scotland, England, Belgium, Holland, the Rhine, Switzerland, France. Write for booklet describing this and other sensational travel values.
953 Straus Building, Chicago, Illinois
Mentor Tours
$475

SOUTHAMPTON HOSPITAL
School of Nursing
Southampton, L. I. 8-hour day. 2½ year course—monthly allowance $15. Scholarship prizes. Ideal living conditions. Requirements 3 years High School. Write school principal for information

ATHEISM
Book catalog FREE. Tracts, 10c.
Am. Assn. for Adv. of Atheism.
307 E. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"Skippy"

PERCY CROSBY'S shrewd and perfectly elegant little boy of the *Life* cartoons and the comic strips has come to the movies, and great should be the rejoicing thereof. He retains not simply his stiff Eaton collar and flowing tie with the immense polka dots, his thatch-like yellow hair and his permanently sagging socks, but his charm, his ingenuity and his inherent sweetness of character. But quite as important as the character of Skippy —played to perfection by a little boy named Jackie Cooper—is Sooky, Skippy's shabby little companion from "across the tracks." Sooky is played by none other than Robert Coogan, younger brother of the famous Jackie. Sooky's resemblance to the Jackie Coogan of *The Kid* is uncanny, and he also sports an ancient sweater reaching to his knees and a shabby cap pulled down over one ear. It requires almost no prophetic powers at all to predict that this five-year-old actor will not only steal the picture but be one of the most talked-of little boys for the next year. And please notice this, Mr. Chaplin—a good three-quarters of his charm is in his small, wavering voice.

Percy Leo Crosby, the comic artist who created *Skippy* in *Life* in 1923, was born in Brooklyn thirty-eight years ago. He has one daughter about twelve and a son just over a year old. His friends insist that *Skippy* is entirely the creation of his imagination, and that they often see *Skippy* traits in Crosby himself. Serving in France during the War, he kept up a daily comic strip in the United States called *The Rookie of the 13th Squad*. Recently Crosby bought a whole page in the New York *World* in which he aired his dislike of prohibition in pungent and forceful language. He now lives in Virginia.

Worth Seeing

Cimarron: Exciting picture of the early West when men were brave and women were braver.
City Lights: Some laughter and a great many tears by Charles Spencer Chaplin.
Charlie Chan Carries On: Who killed who and why? Murder mystery on a round-the-world cruise.
Dishonored: Marlene ("Garters") Dietrich as fascinating as ever in a very improbable spy story.
Front Page: Adolphe Menjou in a breathless and explosive version of a corking stage play.
Rango: Apes, monkeys and tigers as caught by Schoedsack in Sumatra.
Strangers May Kiss: Norma Shearer tries to "live her own life," but finds that even so the woman pays and pays.
Trader Horn: Strange doings in African jungles with Nina, the white goddess, and a lot of menacing animals.

"The W Plan"

This British spy story is first-rate entertainment, and had it been made in Hollywood it would be advertised as such instead of being slipped into small, out-of-the-way theatres. It is compounded of the old hokum of which spy stories have always been made, but it is well told and engrossingly photographed. *The W Plan* is a scheme of subterranean tunnels beneath the Allied lines during the war, which is exposed only when our hero (Brian Aherne), disguised as a German soldier, gets down into the diggings. Mr. Aherne is now playing opposite Katherine Cornell in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* on the stage.

"Behind Office Doors"

Mary Astor and Director Melville Brown have taken the old story of the working girl who loves her boss and made it into something distinctly above the average. For one thing, the characters in *Behind Office Doors* are consistent. The man Miss Astor loves and works for (Robert Ames) is shoddy and second-rate and stays that way to the end. The only sour note is a "society girl" who gives Hollywood's usual eyebrow-lifting idea of such people. Much of the detail suggests Ruth Draper's sketch, *Mr. Clifford,* with which no doubt many of you are familiar.

"Tabu" Again

A second visit to F. W. Murnau's film of Polynesian life has convinced this reviewer that it is not only one of the most beautiful pictures ever made, but that its drama has a dignity and a directness which is very nearly Greek in its simplicity. *Tabu* has, for instance, none of the dramatic gadgets or elaborate artificialities of Philip Barry's stage play, *Tomorrow and Tomorrow,* which has been so generally acclaimed this season. From its first joyous scenes of youths and maidens playing in a waterfall to its final tragic pictures of the boy's mad pursuit of the girl as she is being taken away to meet the vengeance of the gods, *Tabu* is a thing of beauty and dignity. It is good to be reminded once again that love existed long before Hollywood with its cheap scent and sticky dramatics laid hands upon it, and that death is something more significant than merely being put on the spot.

Music

Notable New Recordings

TWO uncommonly fine symphonic releases, both recorded in Europe bu re-pressed here, head the list of my recommendations this week: Beethoven' *Second Symphony*[1] and Saint Saëns *Third*[2].

After listening carefully to Eric Kleiber's interpretation of the Beetho ven work with the State Opera Orches tra of Berlin I am convinced that th only reason the *Second Symphony* suf fers from comparative neglect is tha Herr Kleiber cannot be everywhere a once to conduct it. As the recording, toc is first class in every respect, Bruns wick has done the next best thing t having Kleiber himself ubiquitous b giving us this excellent set of records

Saint Saëns, dead only ten years, oc cupies an odd position in music largel through his own efforts. Modernists ar inclined to classify him as something o a stodgy classicist, but when the *Third Symphony in C Minor* was written h was very much of the *avant garde* wh were struggling for a renaissance o French music. In addition to being prob ably Saint Saëns' instrumental master piece this symphony is notable on ac count of how clearly it shows his in dividuality. The use of an organ an two pianos is most interesting and th anonymous orchestra under Piero Cop pola, with Alex Cellier at the organ an Denise Herbrecht and Lucian Pettijea at the pianos, play it beautifully.

Vocal honors for the week, among th disks I have heard, go unquestionably t Lily Pons for her rendition of "Car Nome" and "Tutte le Feste," both from Verdi's *Rigoletto*[3]. Once more she shows herself to have a lovely voice of tru pitch and to have none of the annoying mannerisms of so many coloraturas.

The Wonder Bar, with Al Jolson, ha the earmarks of a lasting success. "Eliza beth" and "Donna Clara" from it have already been issued as a dance record by Brunswick with Emil Coleman an his orchestra[4]. This record is, however far inferior to Polydor's selections from the show as it was done in Germany with Paul Godwin's Orchestra, on two ten-inch disks[5]. Those of us who have danced to Emil Coleman for some fifteen years are completely puzzled as to why Brunswick destroy the fascinating character of his music by augmenting his orchestra so that it sounds like anybody else.

O. C.-T.

1. Brunswick, Album No. 27.
2. Victor, Masterworks Album No. 100.
3. Victor, 7383.
4. Brunswick, 6082.
5. Polydor, 23271/2.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Prose and Worse ◀◀

MR. FRANCIS C. URIDGE writes: "Some time ago Lady Astor and G. B. S. threw out a worth-while suggestion that got nobody in particular very hot, i. e., making war a major sport. Some place like out in Montana where there's lots of room they could have a well conducted annual classic, with referees and the like, and bring Saint Benito over with his picked black-shirt boys and then have somebody challenge him as champion sword-rattler, and broadcast the whole thing over the radio. They could even fight for decisions on such disputes as Tariff, or Naval Armaments, or Status Quo versus Revision. This would be a far better test of local patriotism than the free-for-all wars of the past. Each day the list of killed and wounded could be broadcast and volunteers accepted to fill the gaps. The League of Nations would gain much in dignity by being made official referee. If Il Duce didn't like the Montana plan, thinking the boys might not show up to their best after the long trip out, he might make over the Coliseum and rake in a little spending money from American tourists."

Personally we think this a good idea, though—possibly because of our bias in favor of the unimportant—we'd like to see amateur rather than professional combats;—perhaps even a return to trial by combat in the matter of personal differences. We'd like to see Dr. Clarence True Wilson splinter a lance with some prominent wet. We'd like to see Dreiser and Lewis hewing great gobbets from each other with battle axes. Or the great fighting bishop thundering down the lists, spearpoint centered on Ben Lindsay's shield. Or you could even have a one man fight, with Wickersham challenging himself on the liquor question. That would be a fight worth seeing!

Certainly this is as quick, simple and satisfactory a method of solving such questions as any now in practice. And surely more dignified. Read the account of how debates are now carried on in the Senate, for instance, and then picture a tariff bill being settled by combat between two groups of mail-clad Senators on the blood-soaked sands of any convenient football stadium. How the shrill cries of Senator Heflin would thrill you then, and the mighty strokes of Borah, and the nodding blue plume of Carter Glass. No longer would there be need to deplore lack of public interest in national questions. The gate receipts would be tremendous. And they could go to the winners for additional propaganda.

. . . . .

A communication bearing on the Meadowcroft mystery has been received from a mouse signing himself Mausinus Indertrap. Mr. Indertrap states that while prowling around a study one evening he met what he describes as "a rather attractive but somewhat faded mouse person," who claimed to be Rhoda, Mr. Meadowcroft's lost sister. "Imagine my surprise," he continues, "and her emotion when she read your article. She sat upon the page and read it over and over. Several times she wiped her eyes delicately with her tail as she read about her mother, and hoped that the light is still burning in the mouse-hole for her. She spoke feelingly of Hubert, also, although he used to pull her tail and spy upon her when she had gentlemen callers." He goes on to say that "Miss Meadowcroft has turned over a new leaf and now spends most of her time in libraries."

He showed this letter to Mr. Meadowcroft, who expresses himself as entirely unconvinced. "Fond as I am of Rhoda," he says, "and eager as I am to find her, it is impossible to believe that this communication is anything but a hoax. Rhoda is charming, gay, witty—but, I am sorry to say, incurably frivolous and light-minded. Libraries and new leaves are both decidedly off her beat. This Mr. Indertrap may be writing in perfectly good faith, but this new friend of his is not the real Rhoda. If it were, I can assure him that he would have neither the time nor the inclination to write letters." The charge that he used to spy upon her when she had gentlemen callers he dismisses with the remark that "very few of the callers seemed to be gentlemen."

. . . . .

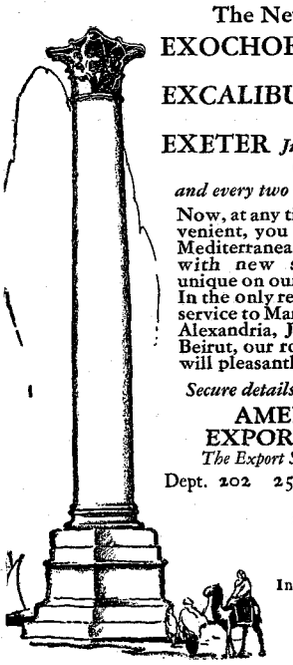
We twisted a dial one Sunday afternoon and got this:

"Of composers, both dead and alive,
Anton Bruckner's by far the most
nive."

Which we expect to include in our Handbook of Radio Announcers' French. This little book will be one of a series that will attempt to make it possible for educated radio listeners to know what the announcers are talking about, if any. The Italian book will start off with the variants of Molinari—Molinairy, Mahlinairy, Molly Neary, Mawlinahri, etc., etc., etc.—as being one of the names most familiar to the music-loving audience. All these pronunciations are correct, of course.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

LUXURY LANE TO
EGYPT *and the*
HOLY LAND



The New Liners
EXOCHORDA
April 25, June 25
EXCALIBUR
May 25, July 14
EXETER *June 10*
(*Maiden Voyage*)
and every two weeks thereafter

Now, at any time that is convenient, you can make that Mediterranean Cruise and with new sea comforts unique on our express liners. In the only regular first class service to Marseilles, Naples, Alexandria, Jaffa, Haifa and Beirut, our round trip rates will pleasantly surprise you.

Secure details from agent or
AMERICAN EXPORT LINES
The Export Steamship Corp.
Dept. 202 25 Broadway, N.Y.
Chicago
209 S. LaSalle St.
Boston
126 State St.
Detroit
Industrial Bank Bldg.
Philadelphia
Bourse Bldg.
Baltimore
Keyser Bldg.

14 Page Reading Only $1

Astrology

What do the Stars foretell for 1931? A special 14-page astrological reading gives you predictions month by month—with exact days, dates and happenings for 1931 based on your sign of the Zodiac.

Consult it before making any change in home or business affairs, signing papers, love, marriage, seeking employment, speculation, travel, friends, enemies, health, accidents, lucky days, etc. Scientific. Send exact birth date with $1 for complete reading. Money refunded if not satisfied. Mail only. Yogi Alpha, Box 1411-F, San Diego, California.

NAME .....
STREET ..... BIRTH DATE .....
CITY ..... STATE .....

HOLY LAND
Personally Conducted, from $695
Enjoyable • Inspirational • Intelligently Planned
Experienced Leadership • Congenial Personnel
Send for FREE descriptive booklets.
"Travel Free From Worry"
Personally Conducted, from $395
THE WICKER TOURS, Richmond, Virginia
EUROPE

If you enjoyed reading this issue of OUTLOOK *perhaps you want to read it regularly . .*

Attach $5.00 and send in the coupon. We'll do the rest.

Name .....
Address .....
.....
SEND TO: OUTLOOK, 120 E. 16th St., N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

California, the Unbeloved

(Continued from Page 495)

once emigrated, usually begins to demonstrate the "going native" process, as soon as it begins, by adopting toward his old fellow townsmen of the hinterlands the last word in "Am I not a lucky dog?" attitudes. When these former acquaintances come out as wondering tourists, or the new Californian revisits his native haunts in a blaze of self-conscious glory, the desert and prairie denizens are made to feel the distinction. His attitude toward everything back home from the mud on the Fords to cold winters is one of patronage, if not of contempt. It may be a useful attitude for luring other hinterlanders on to California, but it hardly makes hinterlanders who stay on in various old home towns love California more. Neither, for that matter, do certain other elements in the situation for which the Californians cannot fairly be blamed. They cannot be blamed because the hostesses of Casper, Wyoming, or Albuquerque, New Mexico, return from summering or wintering in California with tall tales of the wealthy and exclusive social circles they have penetrated, new rules for taking bridge tricks, new modes of serving tea or cocktails and new sets of manners in imitation of the alleged latest Hollywood "high hat" line. Nevertheless, it is all very trying to rival local hostesses.

Though private relations have been bad on these and other points for more than a generation, it is only recently that the controversy has impinged on public relations. There were slight outcries of rage some fifteen years ago when transcontinental rail freight rates were fixed to meet Panama Canal competition so that it became actually cheaper to ship commodities from New York to Los Angeles than from New York to most points in the mountain states. But the real discoverer of the political horsepower of anti-California feeling was George Washington Prentice Hunt, recently inaugurated for his seventh term as Governor of Arizona. When the Boulder Dam controversy dawned toward the end of the third Hunt administration, the wily border statesman saw that this was much more than a mere issue of water and power rights in which Arizona had by no means a winning side. By appealing to the Arizonans' racial loathing for the Californians as a nation of purse-proud, egotistical, bragging grabbers of water and freight rate concessions, Hunt reasoned, the state's voters could be heated up to the point of believing that virtually any claim Arizona put forward in the Boulder controversy was righteous and incidentally could be lined up behind an effective champion of anti-California agitation for life.

Time has proved the Hunt diagnosis accurate. The Arizonans not only don't care where the water goes so long as it doesn't get into California, but they have come to believe in high line canals capable of carrying Colorado floods over their mountains to within boating range of the New Mexico boundary. They have not only made reëlecting Hunt their most fixed political habit, but during the unhappy two years when he remained buried by the Hoover landslide, they terrorized a precariously placed Republican administration into adopting the Hunt Boulder Dam stand without a single compromising reservation. Meanwhile, on the extreme fringes of the agitation, one can hear talk in Phoenix today of calling out the militia and seceding from a Union in which one is federally yoked to a real estate promotion conspiracy willing and anxious to steal the water out of your own bathtub.

Midway in this open battle another California institution was created to add fierceness to the tension. To protect her fruits from outside parasites and contaminations, the Golden State placed a series of fruit inspection stations on all the highways leading in from the East and proceeded to examine apples and oranges in tourists' baggage, including that of Arizonans, for every organism from chestnut tree blight to Mediterranean fruit fly. The Arizonans retaliated by setting up an even more rigid inspection system to protect the grapefruit orchards and cotton fields of the Salt River Valley from the plagues of California. On this most stateline-conscious boundary in America thousands of acre-feet of dainty lingerie have been shaken out by ruthless inspectors in the past five years to detect the possible presence of forgotten shreds of orange peels, and the horsepower and indignation used by Arizonans and Californians in shifting trunks and boxes from cars to inspection platforms and back again is probably more than faintly comparable to the first decade's output of electrical energy at Boulder Dam.

But the end is not necessarily in sight yet. This winter in developing its favorite thesis that Los Angeles is the next prize port in line for sacking by the Chicago gangsters and the Soviet Republic, the Los Angeles *Times* advocated that, in addition to the fruit inspection, arrangements be made for stopping all suspicious characters at the California borders and subjecting them to rigid moral examination. The legislature at Sacramento has not acted as yet, but it takes ideas of this character a comparatively short time to arrive at fruition in the lush California climate. If this one is realized, it is a safe assumption that no eastward-bound California tourist will enter Arizona in the future without spending at least one night in a detention cell.

Two barely possible alleviations for the antipathy are visible on remote horizons. The Californians may eventually grow habituated to their new metropolitan status and cease to treat the hinterland states' inhabitants as though their failure to grow a Los Angeles and a San Francisco and a civilization of movie stars and ostensibly expensive automobiles on their desert mountain peaks were a badge of congenital inferiority. Or the desert, with equal and in some respects superior climatic resources, may in its time create a metropolis which can face Los Angeles on more or less equal terms.

Meantime, the feud seems due for increased virulence. When California enters the 73rd congress with twenty instead of eleven representatives—provided there is reapportionment—its power to logroll for special interests and benefits will be virtually equal to that of all the mountain hinterland states put together. When these interests conflict with the hinterland's, as they generally do or as the hinterland politicians can usually arrange to have it appear that they do, the chances will be ripe between the Dakotas and El Paso for the evocation of local George W. P. Hunts in shoals and the transformation of at least half a dozen nominally peaceable mountain states into fighting Arizonas.

Through a Glass Darkly

From Trend of the Week in the Outlook of April 4, 1951

The fifteenth annual joint report, issued this week, of the twin colleges of Meridian University, Windsor (enrollment, 3211) and Frederick (enrollment, 3243) Colleges showed increasing success for the idea of institutions devoted solely to scholarship or else entirely given over to social activities and sport.

A radio audience, estimated at more than forty million, heard the concert given Monday evening at Detroit by Giuseppe Versitilovitch, who performed successively on a simple spinet built in 1750, a Steinway of 1910 and an elaborate, new, $26,000 Sarnoff.

"The general utilization of the Patoff formula for manufacturing synthetic lentils," declared the Governor of Porto Rico in his April, 1951, report to Washington, "has been for eighteen years the Island's chief bulwark against famine."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Spotlight on Sports

(Continued from Page 501)

nce an all-America guard at Illinois, ısists that these professional bouts are n the level, though he is quoted as ad- ıitting that competitors throw in an ssortment of flying mares, cross-buttock eaves, leg dives, and standing wrist- ɔcks to amuse the cash customers. "But he best man always wins," McMillen ısists.

Straight wrestling, bereft of fancy rills, happens to be exceedingly unin- ɔresting from the spectator's stand- oint. It is monotonous and boring to ɔatch. Showmanship demands a bit of round and lofting tumbling which looks ıcious but is actually unproductive of ɔsults and virtually impossible to ɛecute without a prearranged rehearsal.

Apparently, Curley's mastodons oper- te under a gentleman's agreement to ɔage a thrill-provoking act prior to get- ng down to brass tacks and wrestling ı grim earnest. Amateur wrestlers are mazed to see a professional fling his ival across the ring and then refrain rom jumping on him!

Franco-German Soccer

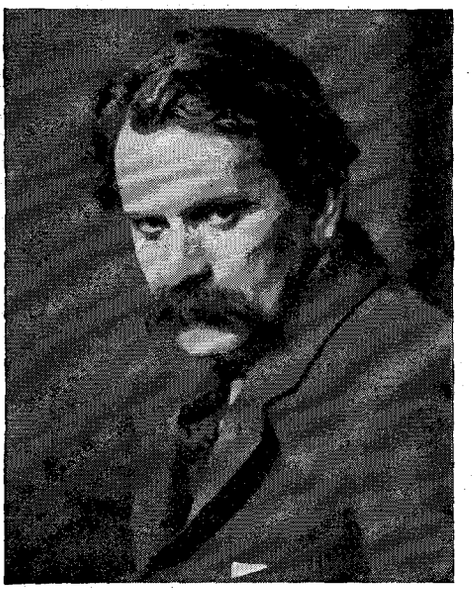
ALL was indeed quiet on the western ront when France and Germany quared off at soccer recently. Special ains brought nearly ten thousand Teuton rooters from the Rhineland to he arena near Versailles. The setting ust have had an ironic flavor to those ho recalled the armistice argosy of erman delegates to the peace parley. s the German visitors debarked from heir chartered trains they were handed rinted slips by their own officials, warn- ng them not to indulge in partisan emonstrations against the French team. Hochs" were strictly taboo.

The contest was a model of deport- ent on the part of players and spec- ators. Evidently the excitable French pectators have better control of their motions at a soccer match than when atching the more spirited game of Rugby. Both teams were cheered im- artially when the captains shook ands. The German rooters comported hemselves with commendable restraint hough they couldn't suppress their roans when a Teuton accidentally icked the ball into his own goal net— hus making France a present of the ame. The final score was 1 to 0.

Having lost on the field of honor, the ermans retreated across the Rhine as rderly as their armies had evacuated he occupied territory thirteen years be- ore.

GEORGE TREVOR.

KONRAD BERCOVICI



Tells the Intimate Story of the Royal Household of Roumania

Beginning next week, the OUTLOOK will present the strange history of the royal family of one of the few remaining European monarchies. Here is the chronicle of Queen Marie, the most feared matchmaker in Europe, the deserted Queen Helen, King Carol, his amours, his exile and dramatic return. Although these personages are familiar to every newspaper reader, Konrad Bercovici, a native Roumanian, reveals for the first time the facts behind the headlines.

•

Beginning next week in the OUTLOOK

"Royal Intrigue in Roumania"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook and Independent Classified Section

The rate for Classified Advertisements is 60c a line, minimum 4 lines. "Help and Situations Wanted" advertisements 10c a word and small charge for box number. Material should be in this office 13 days prior to publication date of issue in which advertisement is to appear.

For further information write The Outlook Co., 120 East 16th St., New York City

HOTELS AND RESORTS

California

ELEGANT HOME, beautifully located in Berkeley Hills overlooking San Francisco Bay and Golden Gate, will take one or two paying guests, convalescents. Graduate nurse in attendance. 1775 Outlook and Independent.

Connecticut

HOME LIVING, peace, beauty of wooded hills. High, cool, exceptional table. References by permission, every comfort. All activities near. A few paying guests accepted. 1705 Outlook and Independent.

Massachusetts

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
THE LESLIE
A quiet, cosy little House by the sea. Opens June 27th. Private baths. Descriptive booklet. 27th season.

New York

HOTEL LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Superior accommodations. Good meals. Write direct or Outlook and Independent Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

New York City

THE GARDEN SPOT
67 West 44th St. between 5th & 6th Aves.
Luncheon Dinner
Facing North Side of Hippodrome

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq. New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, MANAGER

Wyoming

"THE WIGWAM"
For a Real Vacation
P. O. Ten Sleep, Wyo.—R. R. Worland, Wyo. At the entrance to Ten Sleep Canyon in the big cattle and sheep ranch country at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains. Most hospitable and comfortable place to stay. Pack trips into the wonderful fishing country of the Big Horns. For folders and information, write to GAY WYMAN, The Wigwam, Ten Sleep, Wyoming.

May We Present Your Advertisement in these Columns?

•

Your advertisement placed in these columns will reach our 85,536 alert well-informed subscribers. Outlook assures the advertiser class circulation with real buying power, at a minimum rate. Write:

•

Outlook Classified Advertising Dept.

TOURS AND TRAVEL

Inexpensive Travel to
EUROPE

Excellent accommodations, liberal sight-seeing, moderate cost. Over 80 trips planned for next summer. Write for detailed information.

TEMPLE TOURS
456 Park Square Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Palestine, Egypt, Mediterranean

Conducted tours to Mediterranean and Palestine. Particularly interesting itinerary in the Holy Land. Low cost. Highest class on all ships. Write for further information.
The Travel Institute of Bible Research
133 Bible House, New York City

REAL ESTATE

Maine

FURNISHED COTTAGES—Ogunquit, Maine. From 4 to 7 bedrooms, 2 and 3 baths. Garages. Beautiful locations. E. S. WARE, Box 135, Ogunquit, Maine.

FURNISHED 9-room cottage at Squirrel Island, Maine. All modern improvements, beautiful ocean view. $250 for season. Also 6-room cottage $200 for season. Almon A. Soule, 39 Melville St., Augusta, Maine.

AT CHRISTMAS COVE, MAINE
For Season or by Month
Seven-room, comfortable, desirable cottage, by shore, well furnished, electrically lighted, accessible, excellent ocean and cove view, supplies obtainable. Address HERBERT McCRILLIS, 33 Oak St., Hyde Park, Mass.

New Hampshire

SUGAR HILL, N. H. For sale or for rent, season 1931. Attractive furnished cottage near Sunset Hill House. 10 rooms, 2 baths, 2 lavatories. Electric lights. Garage. 6 golf courses within easy reach. Uninterrupted view three mountain ranges. Apply J. B. HARDON, 75 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

New York

NEW YORK CITY—Will sublet for summer months (3 months lease preferred) attractive eight room furnished apartment on East 96th Street one block from 5th Avenue and Central Park: two double, two single bed rooms: two baths: large, airy living and dining rooms: kitchen and maid's room: $150 monthly. Especially nice for family with students taking summer University courses. Highest personal references required. Communicate 1777 Outlook and Independent.

SITUATIONS WANTED

YOUNG WOMAN, University graduate, experienced teacher desires position during summer months, or permanently. References. Box 183, Hot Springs, Ark.

COMPANIONSHIP; Kind convalescent-care; capable household-assistance by experienced, intelligent, responsible Protestant; widely-travelled. New York environs. 9661 Outlook and Independent.

GRADUATE NURSE desires position in private family, supervisor of children, managing housekeeper, or companion. 9662 Outlook and Independent.

HOUSEKEEPER—private school; managing housekeeper or companion in private home, experienced, capable, excellent references. 9663 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION or tutor. Long experience in leading private schools. References. 9664 Outlook and Independent.

YOUNG LADY university graduate and teacher desires position as tutor or companion. If satisfactory will consider permanency. References. 9665 Outlook and Independent.

POSITION wanted as matron in aged ladies' home or institution by a refined experienced woman. 9666 Outlook and Independent.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOUR HOROSCOPE, CAREFULLY DELINEATED. Full information sent on request. Established 1900. F. HYATT SMITH, Ph.D., Box 102, Buffalo, N. Y.

POEM "IF"—by Rudyard Kipling. Printed on beautiful card. Decorative; suitable for framing. 25c each. 1445 Outlook and Independent.

PUZZLE PARTY CARDS—"Rattler" 12 Cross Word Puzzle blanks and key card. 25c per set. 1447 Outlook and Independent.

GRAPHOLOGIST

YOUR HANDWRITING REVEALS WHAT YOU ARE BEST fitted for. Alexander's frank analysis of your handwriting unusual, valuable. $1.00. DON ALEXANDER, 140 East 34th St., New York City.

STATIONERY

ONE DOLLAR delivers 100 double sheets, 100 envelopes. Fine Writing Paper. Dollar fifteen west of Mississippi River. Satisfaction guaranteed. DARLING COMPANY, Box 97, Springfield, Mass.

BOOKS

WRITERS—Send at once for free booklet HOW TO WRITE FOR THE TALKIES without obligation. Daniel O'Malley Company, Inc., Suite O, 1776 Broadway, New York City.

BOOKS

THE ROSICRUCIANS—FACTS NOT FIC TION: who and what they are according history and their own inner teaching literature mailed on request. PHILO SOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO., Bever Hall, Quakertown, Pa.

THE BOOKS YOU CAN'T GET ELS: where may be read for a nominal fe Members throughout the United States ha access to a large collection of rare, scarc out-of-print, strange and curious book limited, privately printed editions and u expurgated translations. Please state occupation or profession when writing for information and lists. ESOTERIKA BIBLIO SOCIETY, INC., Dept. F 4, 45 W. 45 Street, New York City.

FAMOUS CLASSICS at drastic reduction Boccaccio's Decameron, complete in two vols illustrated, boxed. (List price $12.50) O price $2.80; Balzac's Droll Stories, complet illustrated, boxed. ($10.00) Our Price, $3.3 Rabelais Complete Works, two large vols illustrated, boxed. ($15.00) Price $6.7 Satyricon of Petronius, complete, boxe ($12.50) Price $2.10; Tales of La Fontain two large vols., illustrated, complete, boxe ($12.00) Price $3.25; Vathek, by Beckfor hundred illustrations, boxed. ($5.00) $2.0 Three Times Tried, complete reports of tri of Oscar Wilde, limited edition. ($17.5 Price $6.75; Burton's Arabian Nights, s large vols., illustrated. ($54.00) Price $37.5 French Romances, illustrated, complet ($6.00) Price $2.95; How The World Wed illustrated. ($6.00) Price $3.75; Balzac Physiology of Marriage, ($7.50) Price $3.9 Casanova's Memoirs, two large vols., illus trated, boxed. ($15.00) Price $5.85. W prepay delivery charges. Send for list RENAISSANCE BOOK CO., 1313 West St., New York City.

MART OF THE UNUSUAL

CHESS & CHECKERS
Best and most beautiful Checkers made f Backgammon. Get price list.
C. H. BIRD, BETHLEHEM, CONN

"I advertised in a local paper and had 123 replies but only three of these were equal to the Outlook replies."—I. W.

•

Letter No. 2 from Outlook Advertiser

point, raised its tariff barriers to prevent, in the long run, other nations from buying American goods. Then the crash came, all the worse because artificially delayed. To emerge from the resultant grief the United States must find new markets. Where? Europe? And what about Europe's own industry, to say nothing of tariff barriers above mentioned? India or China? Ask the British, they will tell you. South America? Ask the British again, or the Prince of Wales, or the Germans, or Signor Balbo, and they will tell you twice. There remains the Soviet Union, one-sixth of the earth's surface with a hundred and sixty million population, just beginning to learn what "standard of living" means. Some one said that if every Chinese would buy a new hat once a year Mr. Stetson would be richer than John D. Rockefeller. The Russians want more than hats. The Russian demand could absorb the deadl surplus of American supply.

To continue the callous Marxist ana ysis, the Russians have no money. An it takes money to buy hats, and othe things. But Americans have mone haven't they? And there's such a thin as credit, isn't there? On that pair queries the callous Marxist Bolshevik now stand pat, and it's up to the Unite States to raise the bet or draw cards.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With Our Readers

Testimonials—Pro and Con

To the Editor: *Chicago*

SIR—I have read with considerable interest Alva Johnston's article "Testimonials, C.O.D."

The subject of testimonial advertising is one about which I feel very keenly and in all fairness to the advertising fraternity it seems almost mandatory that Mr. Johnston paint the other side of the picture and give proper credit to advertisers who have honestly obtained true testimonials that have proved valuable as a backbone of several major advertising campaigns.

The writer instituted vocational testimonial advertising for the Commercial Division of the Ford Motor Company in 1923. A firm of auditors was employed and individual truck and tractor owners were interviewed, their operating records were audited and notarized and advertisements built around the information supplied by the auditors. This campaign endured until the Ford Motor Company in 1926 suspended all advertising and I challenge any investigator to find a single instance where the facts concerning the case were not fairly and faithfully recorded in the advertising itself . . . . In not one instance have I ever secured from a user of the product I was advertising a testimonial for which one penny was paid the endorser.

Mr. Johnston's insidious references to investigators, or those who obtain testimonials, classifying them as racketeers, is manifestly unfair unless due credit is given to those in the advertising business who have earned over a long period of years a reputation for honesty in presenting the case of their client to the American public either through newspapers, trade publications, or direct-by-mail, as the case may be.

H. J. DETTERICH.

To the Editor: *Toledo*

SIR—I have just read the article by Alva Johnston on testimonial advertising. I hasten to congratulate you for your courage in printing this series. Condemnation cannot be too strong for much of the testimonial advertising which has been run in recent years. As Mr. Johnston points out, the first endorsements—such as used by Corona—were legitimate and made good advertising copy. The illegitimate purposes to which testimonials have been used in the last several years, however, can bring nothing but discredit to our profession. I think most advertising men have at least an average respect for ethics and good taste and certainly some of the testimonials that have been appearing are not in good taste.

Temptations for sudden results have swerved otherwise sound thinking advertising men. Ridicule of the profession has been the result.

W. H. LEININGER, VICE-PRES.
UNITED STATES ADVERTISING CORP.

To the Editor: *New York City*

SIR—I read the article by Alva Johnston on testimonials. It is almost impossible to give a serious answer because the article is so hysterically funny, especially to one in the trade. Nevertheless, I do want to compliment you on it as I do think ridicule will prove one of the best methods of getting rid of testimonials.

However, I want to seriously advance the idea which I have entertained for some time that some things could not be sold in a highly competitive market by any other means except that of testimonials which appeal to the snobbery of human beings.

At any rate, I enjoyed the article immensely as I do almost everything in the OUTLOOK and I thank you for it.

LOUISE WESTING.

Astrology—A Challenge to Debate

Newark, N. J.

A reply to John R. McPherson's letter in the OUTLOOK *of March 11.*

SIR—I have recently read in print your amusing effort to belittle a subject whose idioms and principles are obviously outside the range of your mental and scientific purview, so much so that any sincere student cannot otherwise than take issue, on the basis that misrepresentation borders dangerously upon calumny, and the unthinking many may be led into wrongful conclusions.

I am referring to your offending and reckless cerebration as set forth in your letter which appeared in the OUTLOOK of March 11, 1931.

May I call your attention to the fact that you are using the term "public humbug" once too much in your letter.

I am not interested in exponents of the science, or as you term it "bogus science," but in the science of astrology as such.

The undersigned therefore takes exception to more than one of your erroneous statements, and hereby challenges you to a joint debate on the subject within two months from date.

This should afford you ample time to marshal your mental forces and, incidentally, to acquaint yourself somewhat with the matter to be discussed. Be it well understood that the debate is to be confined wholly to astrology and within the same legitimate limits as would be accorded any of the orthodox sciences.

As to your remark "Or is it just a catering to the lower intelligences . . . . " you are insulting close to half a million sincere and earnest students of astrology in the United States alone.

I think that the OUTLOOK is one of the most progressive periodicals of enlightenment.

Trusting to hear from you soon, I have the honor to remain,

Very sincerely yours,
HENRY J. GORDON,
PRES. ACADEMY OF ASTRO-PATHOLOGIC RESEARCH.

Professional Lobbyists

To the Editor: *Sweetwater, Tenn.*

SIR—In your "Looking Forward" column, issue of March 4, 1931, you mention a *new type* of Congressman "peculiarly and naturally susceptible to the pressure of organized minority groups."

Ten years ago I was the youngest member of the General Assembly of Tennessee. Well do I remember a statement made by a professional lobbyist, a member of the so-called "third house," to the effect that almost every statute is the result of pressure brought by an organized minority to which influence legislators are amenable. So it seems from your comment that Washington is becoming a "Glorified Nashville."

HARRY T. BURN.

Why Texas Bolted Governor Smith

To the Editor: *Del Rio, Texas*

SIR—I write you as a citizen of the great state of Texas, who was very proud of the unanimous invitation extended by the legislature of Texas to Cardinal Hayes to address that body.

I note in your article on this event, published on page 300 of your March 18, 1931, issue, that you comment upon the fact that Texas was "one of the four southern states which bolted Smith in 1928, primarily because of his Catholicism."

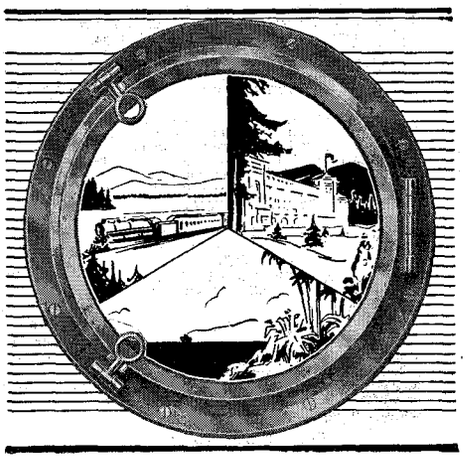
Permit me, please, to take issue with this rather broad statement of yours. I voted for Governor Smith, but realized his shortcomings as a presidential candidate, and hence can speak without prejudice. Had the Democratic nominee in 1928 been a man of as high character in all respects as Cardinal Hayes, Texas could not have bolted the ticket even though the candidate had been a Roman Catholic. A great number of religious bigots would refuse to support any Catholic in any state for public office, but Texas would never refuse to cast its ballot for a candidate upon a question of religion alone.

In my opinion, the real reason Governor Smith lost the four southern states in 1928, was due more to his Tammany connection than to any other fact. The people of the South demand for President not an organization politician, but a dignified, gentlemanly statesman, having refinement of character, honesty of purpose in all walks of life, poise, high ideals of American manhood, and a serious purpose to serve the American people without fear or favor.

It is needless to say in the face of the foul and corrupt history of the Tammany organization (of which Governor Smith had both actual and constructive knowledge) that a man who had not only been a life-long member of this organization but had also been the recipient of its political favors, did not measure up to the standard of southern Democracy as a presidential candidate. Irrespective of his personal honesty, his continued connection with this organization, knowing its aims, purposes and practice, removed him from the consideration of serious-minded southern Democrats, unless like myself wearing the party collar.

I concede to Governor Smith great ability, personal honesty and a great human sympathy and understanding, but notwithstanding these virtues he failed to measure up to the yardstick of southern Democracy.

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



Pacific Holidays

Pacific travel is increasingly attractive, either crossing via Honolulu to flowery Japan, or direct to the colorful Orient. ¶ Coastwise trips . . . North to visit Alaskan glaciers and totem poles, or South to Panama or South American Andes and Indian civilizations . . . are proving popular. ¶ Equally attractive are the combination rail and ship tours which allow travelers to see beautiful majestic scenery inland on the same tour with a comfortable voyage, where the coast can be viewed unfolding, while the benefits of sea air and complete change are enjoyed by the summer traveler. ¶ In writing for free descriptive matter and information on sailings please give proposed time of tour. ¶ Address Mrs. Kirkland, *director*.

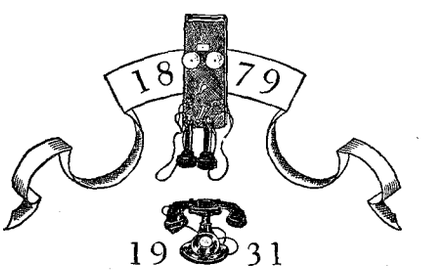
OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU
120 E. 16TH ST. NEW YORK

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOCAL TELEPHONE SERVICE ONCE COST

$240 A YEAR



In 1879, the New York telephone directory was a card listing 252 names. There were no telephone numbers, nor any need for them. When you telephoned, you gave the operator the name of the person you wanted. Service was slow, inadequate and limited principally to people of wealth. The cost of a single telephone was as high as $240 a year.

Today, you can talk to any one of hundreds of thousands of telephone users for a fraction of what it then cost for connection with less than three hundred. Every new installation increases the scope and value of the telephones in your home or office.

Twenty-four hours of every day, the telephone stands ready to serve you in the ordinary affairs of life and in emergencies. In the dead of night, it will summon a physician to the bedside of a sick child. Men transact a great part of their business over it. Women use it constantly to save steps and time in social and household duties. In an increasing number of ways, it helps to make this a united, more active, more efficient nation.

Simply by lifting the receiver you become part of a nation-wide communication system that uses 80,000,000 miles of wire, and represents an investment of more than $4,000,000,000. Yet the cost of local service is only a few cents a day.

Subscribers who look back over the month and consider what the telephone has meant to them in convenience, security and achievement are quick to appreciate its indispensable value and reasonable price.

Frequently you hear it said—"The telephone gives you a lot for your money."

★ *AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY* ★

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED